

The EMBLEM



CHICAGO TEACHERS COLLEGE
1 9 1 2



The Young Graduate

*What visions throng our cobwebbed brains, and how our hearts dilate,
And how our minds light as we think of the young graduate!
What fleecy dreams of angel white, what ribbons and what flowers
Are dreamed (not by us men, of course) as we think what once was ours!
For we've been through it all, and know how rapturous it seems
To grapple with life's problems close, and settle them — in dreams!
Her hopes are high, the world is wide, and castles easy built,
And knights are waiting but the word, all ready for the tilt,
And so she builds her castle walls so marvelously high
That she has to take the towers off to let the moon go by!
But when the danger's over, wiser far than worldly men,
She takes a saucy look around, and swings them up again!
Don't mind our smiling at your dreams; a smile is not a sneer,
And often when we seem to smile, it's just to hide a tear.
For years ago we builded, too, our castles in the air,
To witness now against us, for their walls are gaunt and bare!
The world needs castles in the air, O fair young graduate!
It has too much cement and stone; it's tired of lead and slate.
It wants your morning dreams of hope, like dawns on dewy flowers,
It likes your castles as they are,— pray don't leave out the towers!
Keep their white magic in the sky; you'll find that very soon
Their wondrous charm will even change the orbit of the moon!
Be sun and system swept aside; let the red gleam of Mars
Fade from the sky until your towers are crowned by circling stars!
Then welcome, airy architect of future home and state,
The nation's hope,— but best of all, just "the young graduate!"*

JAMES E. McDADE.

Class of '91.



WILLIAM BISHOP OWEN



COOK COUNTY NORMAL SCHOOL, 1903



CHICAGO TEACHERS COLLEGE, 1912

Part One—The School

A History of the Chicago Teachers College

The Chicago Teachers College, as we know it to-day, is a worthy successor to the institution which was first organized to do the work that the college is doing now. As the Chicago Teachers College, our history covers a period of only a few years, but the organization of which this school is an outgrowth takes us back to the early days of Chicago.

Our history begins with the establishment of the Central High School in 1856, Chicago's first high school, when a department was given over to the training of teachers for the public schools. At first the course was academic, like that of the high schools, but later a School of Practice was begun in the Scammon School building under the direction of Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, and the Normal School work then became more of a professional nature, such as it now is. The first instructor in the Normal Department was Mr. Ira Moore, and Mr. Edward C. Delano served as principal until 1877. For the first few years no entrance examinations were required, but in 1870 special examinations were given to applicants for admission. In 1875 the examinations were discontinued, and this resulted in such a large attendance at the Normal School that in a few years the number of teachers far exceeded the number of positions and the work of the school was suspended for fifteen years. During these fifteen years, high school graduates who passed the teachers' examinations and served a successful term of cadet work were given positions. In 1893, it was decided to give the inexperienced teachers additional training beside their cadet practice; and consequently the City Normal School was reopened, with Miss Theresa McGuire and Mrs. Agnes M. Hardinge, who is now dean of the College, as instructors.

Three years later, in 1896, the Cook County Normal School property, our present location, was given to the Board of Education to maintain as a normal school for the benefit of Chicago and Cook County. In this way, we are successors also to the old Cook County Normal School, which had been organized in 1867 at Blue Island and transferred to Englewood in 1869.

The early history of the Cook County Normal School is of great interest, and forms a very important era in the growth and development of educational methods and the art of teaching. During the period of the principalship of Col. Parker, the school was the scene of many new enterprises and ideas which have since been adopted and have helped to make the school what it is to-day. Practice teaching under guidance of critic teachers and college supervisors had its beginning at this time. The practice school, in 1883, consisted of two rooms and one regular teacher. Each normal student was given an opportunity to teach successively for one month in all the grades.

The value of kindergarten training was appreciated, and was furthered by the efforts of the school. Manual training, too, had only a feeble beginning at this time, but was encouraged and enabled to gain the place it now holds in the schools. Strict adherence to the text-book was made a thing of the past,—field excursions for geographical investigation and nature study became frequent. Oral work was recognized as the most important phase in the study of language and given a prominent part in the class work in all subjects. A faculty member of the school during Col. Parker's time has described it as a melting-pot of many new and wonderful undertakings to which time has given a permanent place in the school.

In 1905, the old Cook County building was replaced by the one now occupied, and at present an additional new building is being contemplated.

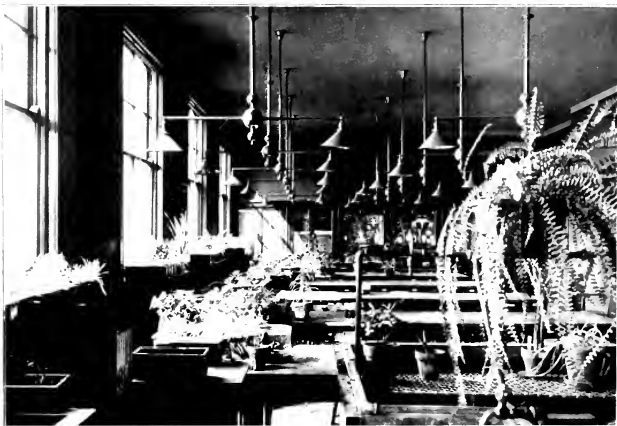
CORA ECKHOFF.



THE FACULTY ROOM



THE AUDITORIUM



BIOLOGICAL LABORATORY

Statistics

The total enrollment of students for the year 1911-12 was five hundred and ninety-five, fourteen of these being boys, and five hundred and eighty-one girls.

The faculty enrollment numbered thirty-seven. The membership of the several classes was as follows:

Upper Seniors:	193 girls, 5 boys.
Lower Seniors:	69 girls, 1 boy.
Upper Juniors:	189 girls, 3 boys.
Lower Juniors:	33 girls.



Publications

From the humble beginning of a small hand press and printing outfit in the days of Col. Parker at the Cook County Normal School, the press of the Chicago Normal School has grown to be one of fine equipment and great efficiency. Besides printing material needed by the Board of Education and various pamphlets for the different departments of the College, the press also issues *The Parker High School Weekly*, *The Chicago Normal School Weekly*, and *The Educational Bi-Monthly*.

The *Weekly* is a bulletin for the College conducted by a staff made up of college students. The *Bi-Monthly* is a magazine for which articles are contributed by faculty members of various institutions, representing their ideas and opinions in their special subjects. Copies are furnished the teachers of the city without charge.

The press division is in charge of a force assigned to it by the Civil Service Commission.



The Normal Arts and Gymnasium Building

All the students of the Teachers College know that a building has been planned to provide for instruction in the arts and to supply one of the greatest needs of the College, a gymnasium. So much has been said of the building and so little seen, that some have begun to wonder whether it had any other existence than that of a fond hope. Recently, however, the first tangible evidence of progress was presented to the students. A number of valuable elms and trees of other sorts which stood on the ground of the projected building were transplanted to the space in front, an action that illustrates modern methods of conserving our real assets.

More can be said of the progress of the building. The Board of Education and the City Council appropriated one hundred and fifty thousand dollars additional for the building during the year, making the total available three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The plans have been practically completed, and it is expected that bids will be called for before the close of the year. This means that with good fortune the building ought to be ready for occupancy before the close of the school year 1913.

Some slight notion of what the erection of this new building means for the Chicago Teachers College may be gained by recalling that it contains a magnificent gymnasium, with swimming pools, baths, dressing-rooms, rooms for medical examination, rest-rooms, etc.; a fully equipped series of shops for wood working, metal working, electrical construction, etc.; complete and adequate studios for the fine and applied arts; kitchens, a laundry, two living apartments, sewing rooms, dyeing-rooms, in a word all that goes with the best known equipment for the household arts. This added equipment will not of itself bring progress, but it will make growth, expansion, and progress possible.

WILLIAM BISHOP OWEN.

The Library

On the third floor of the Teachers College is its library. It is a large, well-lighted room and in it are both circulating and reference libraries, which together comprise about 20,000 volumes. This collection of books is an outgrowth of the old Cook County Normal School Library.

When the Cook County Normal became the City Normal, through the instrumentality of Col. Parker, who was very much interested in library work, Miss Irene Warren was secured, and she re-organized the library and during her last year conducted a library training class, of which Miss Bates, the present assistant, was a member. Miss Warren also



THE LIBRARY

began the card catalogue, which has since been completed by the present librarian and her assistant.

Miss Dickey, who is librarian now, came in 1889 and Miss Bates, her assistant, came a year later, and together they have worked very efficiently for the good of the library.

In 1883, the library contained some three hundred and fifty volumes; six years later, there were 6,342 books to its credit; and to-day the accession book shows a total of 22,000 volumes, of which, however, only 20,000 are actually in use. Over 1,300 of these were added this year.

This accession book shows a history of the growth of the library and in it is entered every book purchased. It, together with a complete card index and the classification of

the library under the Dewey Decimal Classification system, make a modern and practical one.

The students find the bound volumes of magazines most helpful, since there are complete sets of most of the more useful; and with the aid of Poole's Index to Periodical Literature some very valuable reference work is done in the school.

Another special collection of which we are justly proud is the one small section of books on the Drama, the Stage, and Stage-folk, which are being donated by the S. D. C. Thirty books have been added to this collection during the past year.

But our library is more than a book room; for the bulletin board is made very attractive by the arrangement of pictures of some sort, and by special pictures for special days. An apt quotation or a short biographical sketch of the artist sometimes accompanies the pictures.

In short, we all agree with some one who said that "Next to knowing a thing is knowing where to find it."

NELLIE M. DAY.



Why Practice Teachers Go Mad

"Yes, John is such a nervous child. No one understands him." "I don't see why it's necessary to make so much of such a little thing." "He never had a bit of trouble in the other school."

"I didn't put it there." "Oh, you're going too fast." "I didn't hear what you said." "Oh, look, there's a mouse." "Do we have to do that again to-day?" "Can I pass the papers?" "You said you'd let me do that and now he's doing it." "I don't know. I wasn't here yesterday." "I can't write, I've got a sore finger." "Teacher, may I get a drink?" "I can't sing soprano, my voice is changing." "Let me be leader?" "I had to stay home, my mother was sick." "I can't take gymnasium. The doctor said it wasn't good for me." "Make him stop poking me." "I can't sing, I've got a bad cold." "Aww!" "I saw a man in the nickel show —" "No, he isn't sick, I saw him outside." "She's always pickin' on me." "I don't care, I didn't copy it!"

IRENE FRANK.



WHO?

One misty, moisty morning
When cloudy was the weather,
I met a supervisor
With a face like patent leather.

In the misty, moisty morning,
His voice quite cut me through:
"How did you do it? How did you do it?
Bluffing the way you do!"

— *Pauline B. Rosaire.*

The Alumni

The Chicago Normal Alumni Association is old enough to have witnessed great changes and tremendous development in the field of its activity. It was in existence before Fort Sumter fell; it saw the great civil war; it took part in the phenomenal growth that followed; and its members were the greatest of factors in the educational revival in the west — the struggle to mediate between an educational theory just finding itself in scientific self-analysis and the inarticulate but imperious demands of shifting modern conditions. The provincial prairie city on which the Alumni Association first opened its eyes is now a metropolis. In those days Chicago was too busy to be cultured. To-day one no longer awakens a smile by ranking this city as a center of art, of learning and literature. Who shall say how large a part of this development is due to the silent, unobtrusive influence of the Normal School through its thousands of graduates? Surely no other factor has been so effective in penetrating the masses of the people with the refining forces of education and culture, and in laying deep those foundations on which the city's greatness must rest. Nor has its influence been confined to Chicago, for the Alumni Association has spread its membership through every state in the Union, and even to the Philippines and the continent of Europe.

The association numbers on its roll the graduates of four schools. The old Chicago Normal School, established in 1859, was for nearly twenty years the source from which the Chicago schools drew their best talent. Many of these graduates are still in the service. It was from this school that the association gained the brightest name in its long roll of members, that of the brilliant woman who afterwards returned to the present Chicago Normal School as its principal, and who is now the superintendent of the Chicago schools. The Cook County Normal School came into existence in 1868. In the words of its second principal, Colonel Francis W. Parker, "It was born in the travail of a bitter fight, and had lived only by the persistent energy and indomitable love of its principal, Dr. D. S. Wentworth." Its graduates number thousands who are yet in education or in other professions, many in Chicago, but many more scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and beyond the seas. In the fall of 1893 the "North Side Teachers' Training Class" was organized, from which classes were regularly graduated until the spring of 1896. A large proportion of its 700 graduates are still teaching, and reflecting credit on their Alma Mater. The present Normal is the outgrowth and legitimate heir of all three of these earlier schools, and to realize how well it has sustained their best traditions it is only necessary to name the successive principals to whom its destinies have been entrusted, Colonel Parker, Arnold Tompkins, Ella Flagg Young, and William B. Owen.

Perhaps there is no name better or more widely known to the teachers of America who are interested in music for children than that of Eleanor Smith, whose exquisite compositions are studied and loved wherever school children sing. She is a member of the Alumni Association. So is Dr. Alenbert Brayton, of Indianapolis, scientist and physician, but a teacher still, for he is also engaged in college instruction. In woman's club circles what name is better known or stands for more pure achievement than that of Mrs. W. S. Hefferan? Her devotion to civic betterment is at once a monument and an inspiration to the Association. And Zonia Baber, traveler, geographer, teacher, whose inspiring work, begun in the Normal School, is continued in the School of Education of Chicago University; several district superintendents; scores of principals; and thousands of teachers; men and women in all professions and in private life — all these are found in the long list of the Alumni's membership. The breadth of the distribution of the Association was forcibly brought home to me only a few months ago. I had learned that there

was recently an organization in Boston of the Chicago Normal Alumni, and only a few days later at the San Francisco meeting, I met two classmates, James and Arthur Chamberlain, who are leaders in education in different California cities, and both of them authors of series of excellent books which are already standards in their respective subjects. The alumni are everywhere, and what is better, they are everywhere distinguished by a forceful and earnest professional attitude — what may be called the true missionary spirit.

What has the association accomplished? It has always been a strong support to the school, even where it has not found it necessary to act as an organization. Its members are present everywhere that opinions are being molded and discussed, and their influence has always been a factor in shaping policies and averting hostility to the school. The days of active opposition are fortunately past, but in the stirring fight in 1894, and many a time before, it can be safely said that the Alumni had a great share in bringing victory to the side of "old Normal."

The beautiful memorial window to Colonel Parker in the Normal School is due to the devotion of the Association, under the able leadership of Mr. O. T. Bright, and the magnificent portrait of Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, presented to the Art Institute last year, is another monument of which the Alumni may be proud. The present officers of the Association are:

President — HENRY W. SUMNER
Vice-President — MELVA LATHAM
Secretary — GEORGE A. BEERS
Treasurer — LILLIAN G. BALDWIN

New graduates should keep in touch with the Association and give it active support, to keep alive the old memories, to preserve the traditions, to establish a feeling of solidarity, and above all to knit closely together all the strength of the Alumni for the undertaking of desirable projects, when needed, for the support, of the old school.

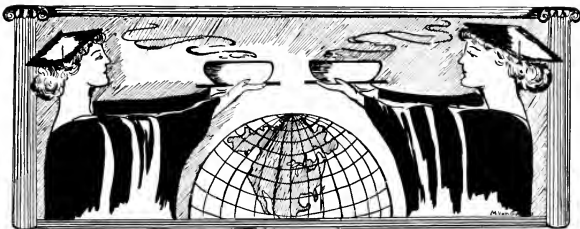
JAMES E. McDADE.



Words and Their Meaning

<i>Assignment</i>	A call to do or die.
<i>Bedlam</i>	See Havoc.
<i>Bubbling Fountain</i>	A place of waiting.
<i>Critic</i>	An awful fear that turns out to be a perfectly lovely, grand, sweet dream.
<i>Court</i>	Oasis.
<i>Dome</i>	Observation tower.
<i>Emblem</i>	What no school should be without.
<i>Havoc</i>	State of room when critic departs.
<i>Labyrinth</i>	Room on first day of practice.
<i>Practice</i>	Period of sophistication.
<i>Practice Teacher</i>	The observed of all observers.
<i>Penmanship</i>	That which brings about overdevelopment of the right arm.
<i>Recess</i>	Boon for tired teachers.
<i>Special Method</i>	First aid to the injured.
<i>Special Topic</i>	{ Scylla and Charybdis.
<i>Singing Alone</i>	
<i>Theme</i>	The vale of tears.
<i>Warning</i>	A cause of heart failure.

IRENE FRANK.



Household Arts Alphabet

A stands for Miss Ausemus,
Though her name comes first,
She really was last
To arrive in our midst.

B stands for Miss Barry,
Our instructor so dear;
Ever she's willing
Our trouble to hear,
Ever she's ready
To comfort and cheer.

C is for Miss Cuppage,
Called "Cuppy" or Hester;
Every one thinks
'Tis all right to molest her.

D is for Miss Dawson,
Who works with a will (?),
And especially at crocheting
Manifests skill.

D also means Miss Dolan,
The pride of our class.
Where can you find
So consistent a lass?

E is for Miss English,
Our maid from the country.
She's neatness incarnate,
And thinks all is her bounty.

F stands for Miss Farrell;
Her pet study was "ed";
Strange 'tis, for to Charlie
She soon may be wed.

F also means Miss Flumey,
Otherwise known as Lil;
But never — no never
Has she kept perfectly still.

I the Chicago Teachers College.
y using the oral method, as we do ir
with hearing people. Those who g

G also means Miss Gillies,
Called "the brains of the class";
Whoever would think it,
She's such a wee lass.

H is for Miss Haley;
She runs to the phone
To lighten the cares
Of the people at home.

H also means Miss Hanrahan,
Who revels in toasts,
And writes and delivers them
Without being coaxed.

H also means Miss Hill;
She's our class musician;
To make the violin talk
Is her special mission.

J stands for Miss Johnson,
Our studious member,
Who knows more in a minute
Than we could ever remember.

M is for Miss McDonough;
A gay girl is she,
Ever engrossed
In advanced chemistry.

M is for Miss McGrath;
Mary's willing to work;
Our walking encyclopedia
Was ne'er known to shirk.

M is for Miss McIntyre;
Loretta is cute,
But at making speeches
She's almost mute.

M stands for Miss McKay;
She's the wit of the class,
And at asking queer questions
She sure can surpass.

M is also for Miss McLoughlin;
 Frances is a dear,
 And we all bless the day
 When first she came here.

M stands for Miss McNulty;
 She is quite bright,
 And whatever she says
 Is sure to be right.

M stands for Miss Martin,
 Beloved by all;
 She is cheerful, good-natured,
 And not one inch too tall.

M stands for Miss Milner,
 Who taught us to sew.
 As well as to make hats
 And a bright ribbon bow.

M is also for Miss Murphy,
 Who some day will be
 A great prima donna:
 Just wait and see.

S stands for Miss Short,
 But the name's misapplied,
 For she lacks neither
 Beauty, nor brains, nor size.

V stands for Miss Van Goens,
 A pretty, wee miss
 Who's as sweet and as cheerful
 As any could wish.

W is for Miss Watson,
 Who is last but not least,
 And ever seems ready
 To join in a feast.

H. A. stands for Household Arts,
 The science that we love;
 Long may it rank
 All other sciences above.

M. C. G.

Household Arts Class History

The fall of 1911 was particularly notable, for with it began a new work at the Chicago Teachers College. A few entered the first day, but many felt not only the novelty but also the real benefits of such work and soon entered the rank and file of the Household Arts Class. Twenty-four mighty young people began to work out their salvation. And ere the first year was over a startling revelation came to them. Household Arts meant not only a thorough knowledge of cookery and sewing, but just as truthfully did it include psychology, physiology, anatomy, bacteriology, sanitation, English, history, and mathematics. So real did this fact become that three of our number woke up one day to find that it would be impossible to graduate in two years, because of a failure to learn one of these. In short, Household Arts came to mean a kind of industrious industry where the little group of twenty-four took pleasure trips to see a half cow cut up, or to hear lectures on milk. There was more pleasure in the lessons given in the dining-room—lessons in serving, where one group would prepare a well-balanced luncheon for the other, or probably for the instructors. During the first year, one of these was given for the latter purpose, and in the second year, there were two group luncheons and two given for the instructors. So, as Mr. Owen says, the motto of the class grew to be hospitality.

The second year was particularly interesting. Applied theory in the schoolroom became the daily topic of conversation. Chemistry opened new fields for discovery and exploration. Even the faculty became interested in an especially peculiar odor which pervaded the school, i. e., pineapple ester. History gave an insight into prices, the tariff, and other laws affecting products in which we were interested. Bacteriology had its trial but merely struggled through one semester. And then came sanitation, with a trip to the plumber to see the fixtures. Once only did we lay aside these weighty problems—when we organized the class. Our president, Frances McLoughlin, was well chosen, and the rest of the officers quickly fell into line. As to the future, we know not what it shall be, but judging from the past, the class is just beginning why the Household Arts Club shall not be an important failure. uca-

IRENE FRANKLIN.

The Deaf Oral Department

The Deaf Oral Department in the Chicago Teachers College was organized in the year 1906 with Miss Mary McCowen as head of the department. It is a one-year graduate course and scholarships of \$300 each are offered by friends of the department.

The classes for the deaf in the Parker Practice School furnish opportunity for practice work to students taking this course. There are at present nine such classes, and in them one may see all the steps in the process from the little children just beginning to learn the names of things to the larger children who are doing acceptable grammar grade work, using speech as the means of communication. Students who have visited these classes for the first time through curiosity will surely, if interested in psychological problems, wish to go again to observe the processes in the gradual development of mind, which are here made so clear.

Past and Present of the Deaf

The first record we have of a deaf person being instructed is mentioned by Bede in 685. The opinion which was generally held by people in early times is well expressed in the couplet of Lucretius:

"To instruct the deaf no art could ever reach,
No care improve them, and no wisdom teach."

As a result, the deaf who escaped the destruction which in some countries was meted out to all who were discovered to be defective were left entirely without education, utterly neglected by their families and often made to work beside the oxen in the fields.

Pedro de Ponce (14 Cent.) is the first recorded to have taught speech to a deaf person. The first school to teach the deaf orally was established in Leipsic, Germany, by Heinicke, in 1778. The oral method has since been called the German method.

The first school for the deaf in the United States, established at Hartford, Connecticut, in 1817, was not, however, a speech school, as it was impossible for teachers to study at Edinburgh, then the only English-speaking oral school, because of the exorbitant terms asked for tuition.

In the Hartford school, manual training was incorporated as part of the curriculum. This was the first instance of manual training being taught in a school. All state schools for the deaf established afterwards adopted this work as part of the regular school course, and it has since gradually spread into the schools for hearing children. The boys were also taught various trades, as carpentry, cabinetmaking and tailoring, while the girls became skilled in sewing and housework. Other schools were founded not long after in New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio. Since then, schools for the deaf have been established in almost every state in the union.

The first class for deaf children in the Chicago Public Schools was started in 1875 by Mr. Philip Emery. The sign language and manual alphabet were used for many years.

In 1896 an oral class was opened in the Yale School at the request of some of the parents, and was conducted by a teacher from Miss McCowen's private school, which had been in operation in Chicago since 1883. At the present time there are twenty-nine oral classes in twelve different public schools in the city, and a training class for teachers of the deaf in the Chicago Teachers College.

By using the oral method, as we do in the Parker Practice School, the children come in touch with hearing people. Those who graduate from the eighth grade with a good knowl-

edge of language and speech reading, go into the high schools with hearing children. To-day we have several such in the city of Chicago.

We are apt to think of deaf children as almost hopeless, but, in spite of this heavy handicap, many become skilled in a trade, some enter occupations, and a few take up advanced study, while practically all become self-supporting citizens.

Miss McCowen writes in the Bi-Monthly, December, 1910, "Deaf graduates of Universities and Technical Schools are now not at all uncommon, and are filling positions of trust and responsibility in all parts of the country. . . . Under present conditions many of the deaf become expert craftsmen, and rise to positions of authority in their chosen calling. There are deaf printers, deaf chemists, deaf foremen in factories, deaf directors of more or less intricate commercial enterprises, deaf inventors, artists, engravers, sculptors, architects, contractors, lawyers, bankers, etc. Indeed, few occupations are now closed to the deaf except as they are closed to the hearing man who lacks the intelligence necessary for success in those particular lines of work."



Who Is It?

Have you heard him hem and sigh
'Bout the moral situation?

This, his ever daily cry
In Education, Education.

Pessimist?

A lover of beauty,
A fanatic on style,
With all this and more
She is certainly worth while.

Have you had her?

Dickey Bird, Dickey Bird,
Busy as a bee,
Come into the library
And pay your little fee.

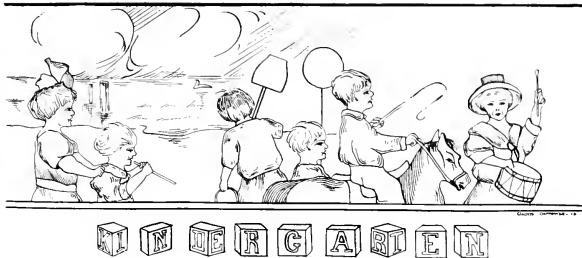
Have you e'er done this?

With a smile and a nod
And a gay little sally
She pins up some notices
The classes to rally.

Who?

Don't start a music lesson
With a little bit of "Lit;"
Begin with the music
And stick right to it.

Whose advice?



The Kindergarten and the Child

As one grows older one wishes the days were very much longer than they really are. I can remember frequent periods of ennui when I had exhausted my childish capacity for play or tasks and "didn't know what to do with myself" on a long summer afternoon.

Things seem greatly changed nowadays. So many things crowd in that it seems all one can do is to take as much of a thing as possible while it is "in the taking" and not to mourn, because things are so but to scramble on to something else which must also be accomplished.

So it is with some favorite occupation — the thing may be our favorite pursuit until we have met and tried something else. Very often through enforced study of a character — through studying his works — we may come to admire and know that person very well indeed. And so it is that after we have had our philosophy — Mother Play and frequent references to Froebel's other books—we look back on our other work with real enthusiasm and we see things in a very different light.

However, we must soon drop that for something else, but finally when the gifts and occupations, our actual experience, songs and music begin to have some connection instead of being entirely separated, we realize that the kindergarten is not a mere "waste of time," as so many people think. We find that it is really an education in itself and that, though it does not teach arithmetic and geography, there is a vast number of other things without which the individual is really not "normal." The kindergartner begins here at the very bottom. There is a whole world of ignorance to the little child on which must be brought the light of intelligence. There are so many things to be heard, smelled, said, felt, remembered, and enjoyed. The child must have experiences, of course, and the kindergartner may help here. (If she does not, that is another affair which may be spoken of later.) The getting of experiences is a matter of chance, and the child may get the experiences he needs and he may not. Sometimes it is an overdose of one kind of experience and too small a dose of another. There is such a thing as in the case of the child who has no brothers or sisters, as getting every experience but the social one — this is where the kindergarten may help. Perhaps it may not be a lack of social experience from which another child may suffer, but something of a different type which the child needs just as much. There is

scarcely anything which a little child should have that cannot be given him in the kindergarten.

The child to whom may come all sorts of experience and in the right amounts, the kindergartner helps by presenting them in an orderly way and emphasizing and eliminating the ones which need such emphasizing or eliminating.

Of course, the child may live and grow up and be healthy without the kindergarten and some of its experiences, but so also may one grow up without other things, as reading and arithmetic. But how much easier the other things are that he learns later on and how much more understanding of the world about him he may be, with his experiences.

Even a poor kindergartner may do good by taking children out of unspeakable surroundings and showing them the possibilities of life; even the keeping of children off the street when it is most crowded is a service that must not be forgotten.

So that now being confident that there is something worth while in our work as we come to the end, let our enthusiasm never die out but win over to our side the help and co-operation of those who really have never given much thought to the matter but had an impression that it was "all play and keeping the youngsters amused."



A Round-Robin

Out of the back door of a beautiful house came a little girl. She had on a pretty pink dress and a very large sunbonnet; and in her hand she carried a small pail and shovel. She was very happy this morning, for had not her mother given her permission to go down to the sea-shore and play in the sand? Skipping down the garden path, she stopped every once in a while to smile at the hollyhocks or the tiny pansies and tell them of the good time she was going to have at the sea-shore.

"Just think, dear four-o'clock, I am going to build a wonderful castle where the sea fairies will come and live, while you are fast asleep here this beautiful morning," and on the happy child skipped, through the garden gate and across the road to a grove of tall trees; then down to a lovely green meadow where the gentle cows were eating their breakfast.

"Good morning, cows," said Betty. "I am coming through your pasture to go to the sea. Do you know I am going to build a beautiful castle where the sea fairies can come and live? Oh! I am so happy! Tra-La-La! La-La!" Happily she sang as she climbed over the pasture bars out on to the sandy road which led straight to the sea.

When Betty reached the sea-shore she set down her little pail and began busily to dig up the sand. She kept on digging and digging until she had a high pile of sand and a very large hole on the shore. But a very curious thing about this hole was, that at every shovelful she dug up, the hole would fill with water. Soon there was so much water in it that circular ripples began to appear on the top, and from nobody knows where, a tiny shell appeared, just like a little canoe floating towards Betty. Who was holding the paddle of this canoe but a tiny fairy, all dressed in delicate green seaweed, and carrying a pearl wand in her hand.

"Oh!" exclaimed Betty in surprise, as she looked at this beautiful maiden of the sea; but the fairy only smiled and said, "You are the kind little girl who is going to build a palace for the fairies, and since you are so good and thoughtful, my mistress, the Queen, has sent me to ask you to come and visit our fairyland, so that we will be acquainted when we come to live in your palace by the sea. I will take you in my canoe."

"But I am so very big, I could never fit in that tiny canoe."

"Oh! that is a simple matter, but you must leave your pail and shovel on the shore, for you will have no use for them in Fairyland."

The fairy touched Betty's shoe, which was near her, and the little girl instantly grew smaller and smaller until she was no bigger than the fairy; then with one step she was in the boat, and the fairy, taking the paddle, struck the water. No sooner had she done this than the canoe began to sink deeper and deeper into the water, until it reached the bottom of the ocean, and then floated along until it came to a sandy shore, similar to the one they had just left.

"This," said the fairy, "is my home, Fairyland. Come, let us get out, for my mistress, the Queen, is waiting for you." And Betty, now no bigger than the fairy, stepped out of the boat and followed the fairy.

"Oh!" she cried. "Look, look at the flowers! Why, they are the same pansies I told I was coming down to the sea-shore to-day, and they are moving too!" And truly enough, the little pansies came up to greet Betty. "Come, little girl, we are going to dress you prettily because our Mother Queen is giving a party for you to-day," and two pansies took Betty by the hands and brought her to the prettiest dressing-room imaginable. The curtains were of a velvety green moss and the little dressing table had a looking-glass made of dewdrops.

"I can't get dressed up," said Betty. "It will take too long, and besides, I haven't brought my Sunday dress along." But the pansies only laughed and one clutched her shoes, the other her dress, and in a few minutes Betty was clothed so beautifully that even her own mother would not have known her. "But look!" said Betty, "I've still got on my sunbonnet!" "Oh, no, you haven't, little Betty; just feel your head!" And to be sure, Betty's sunbonnet was now a beautiful bonnet of flowers.

"Come, now, you must get to the party, but my cousin Mistress Rose will take you there, for I must go back to the shore, and wait for other little boys and girls to come."

"Oh, will there be other children there too?" asked Betty.

"Wait and see," said the fairy, and she took Betty to the Rose. "This is little Betty, who lives in the pansies' garden home and who wanted to build a castle for our queen." The Rose smiled, taking Betty by the hand, and together they walked down the lovely path to the party.

The party was held in an open space in the middle of a wonderful forest. Beautiful festoons of flowers hung from tree to tree and garlands of precious stones glittered in the sunshine. Betty thought she had never seen such a wonderful sight. It almost took her breath away, and she held tightly to the hand of Mistress Rose, when they walked into the dell. Dainty little fairies now tripped out from under the petals of the flowers which they used as umbrellas. They were all dressed in brightly colored gauze. Soon the Queen rode in on a chariot made of pearl sea-shells, with her long, flowing black hair falling in heavy ringlets around her face. These fairies greeted Betty as a little playmate and made her

feel very much at home. They said they had a great surprise for her, and what do you suppose it was?

In came the fairy who had taken Betty to Fairyland and she had two of Betty's little playmates with her. The little girl jumped with joy to see some one that she really knew in this faraway place.

The fairies and children danced and sang merrily, and when tired would sit on a grass blade and sway in the breeze. Pretty soon a bluebell rang softly and said, "Luncheon is ready."

Betty was already so happy she thought that any more surprises could not possibly be set before her, but lo! she and her two little friends were led as if by magic into a beautifully shaded nook where a dainty luncheon was spread. She sank down beside it, overcome with wonder, and a little fairy gave her a pretty yellow buttercup filled with tiny, juicy, red berries. Then another fairy maid brought a lily of the valley filled with sparkling dew-drops. Betty was so excited she could only taste the delicate luxuries, but she declared she had never had anything half so sweet and refreshing in all her life.

After Betty had eaten her dainties she sat there watching the other fairies and wondering what they would do next. "How beautiful it all is!" she thought. "If I could only build my palace as nice as this, I would be the happiest little girl in the world. Nothing I can make will be half nice enough for these beautiful friends."

Her thoughts were interrupted by the voice of the Rose. "We are going to have a concert for you this afternoon, little Betty, so we will now hasten, as they are waiting for us." Betty took the Rose's hand and together they tripped back to the concert hall, where fairy ushers gave Betty and her playmates a seat beside Mother Queen. When the concert was over, the Queen, leaning towards Betty, handed her a tiny box, saying, "Here is still another surprise for you Betty. Always keep this and remember that the flowers and fairies love little girls that love them."

What could be in the tiny, tiny box? The little girl was almost afraid to open it, but finally she lifted the cover just a little bit, and there lay a little fairy stone, that shone like dewdrops in the sun. "Fasten it around your neck, dear little girl," said Mother Queen, "and wear it always, for it will bring you good luck, and help you to remember that little people who are kind to the flowers and fairies are always made happy." "And now, little Betty, your mother at home thinks that her little girl has been playing at the sea-shore a long, long time, so bid all your fairy friends good-bye, and run away from Fairyland with your little playmates, but don't forget that by caring for your flowers in the garden and meadows you help the fairies who love them."

MARY BULLEN,
JEANNIE STEWART,
FLORENCE LANG,
BELLE KLEIN,
ALICE BARRY,
GERTRUDE MURPHY,
ELSIE SWIFT,
MARY WALKER.



THE KINDERGARTEN CLASS

The Robin

"Twas in the morning circle,
"Twas a stormy day,
"The wind was fiercely blowing,
Where would poor robin stay?"

The song they sang was ended,
The robin in his barn;
The teacher asked the babies:
"What does it mean — that yarn?"

Tell me when's a robin?
And when's a robin, not?
Now sit up nicely in your chairs!
And this is what she got.

"The song we sing of 'robin,'
That we sing in our ring,
This song says that a robin —
A robin's a 'poor thing.'"

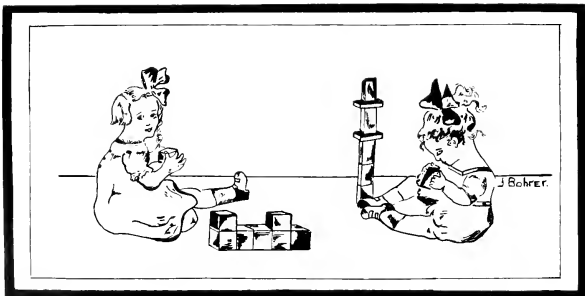
FLORENCE FOX.



The Waste-Basket

To pick up the scraps
A basket was passed —
A basket lined with tan.
"Mike" turned to me,
And said in his glee,
"Let's t'row 'em into de can."

FLORENCE FOX.





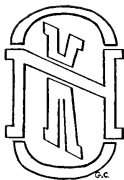
LITTLE SHIVERS

The Song of the Lower Seniors

Courage, comrades, yonder lies a land,
Far-famed at Normal, called the Practice term.
A land of dreams! some good, some bad.
For many are the tales the bards have sung,
Of former students trained as even we,
Who traveled the same road that we have trod.
Their conflicts fierce, their joys and triumphs sure
Their cares, mistakes, and fears to us are known.
For we have heard the stories they passed on.
Stories of critics kind, who censure well,
And youngsters dear, whose quaintly winning ways
Add charms and gladness to the work
Before us lie, in dim and hazy mass,
Programs, stories, and all things else
That do combine to vex a student's soul.
The lesson plan — a fearful thing!
Unmerciful, stands waiting to be written.
Forward, lower seniors, arm for war!
But ere we leave this pleasant shore,
Let us review the deeds that we have done
In the happy days which now are gone.
First we crossed the wilderness of "Gifts."
Here all was strange. Balls we were given
Of many colors, then cubes, a sphere, and sticks.
Next with blocks of wood we builded.
We were ever urged to be resourceful
Until we seemed of all ideas bereft.
Tablets, sticks, and rings next we met,
And with these our journey ended.

Yet in this land were spots of light.
Instructors kind did make the hours pleasant,
And oft in games we sported.
Next on the sea of "Occupations" we embarked.
Here storms o'ertook us, and thick fogs.
Originality seemed lost, and hard we searched
To find her. When the weaving was o'er
She came again, and blessed us.
We worked with needle, paste, and shears,
And many and beautiful are the things we made.
This voyage was most pleasant,
For jest and laughter accompanied us.
These, and music, made us brave
To meet and overcome that monster,
"Principles," which inhabits these waters.
Entered we then a forest, large and dim.
This is "Mother Play," and no light enters
Save in sudden gleams thru the tree-tops,
Illuming for an instant some dark nook.
And finding a flower where none seemed to be.
All is lovely here, with woodsy smells,
And sound of far-off tinkling waterfalls.
And oft to a sunny hillside we were led,
Where we charmed the hour with stories.
Thus happily this journey we have ended.
We now stand ready for the future dim,
And wait with quaking hearts our doom.

ELSIE SWIFT.





THE FACULTY

Part Two—The Faculty

- MYRON LUCIUS ASHLEY, HEAD OF PSYCHOLOGY DEPARTMENT —
Northwestern University, University of Chicago, and Harvard University. *Taught:*—
Harvard; American School of Correspondence; University of Chicago.
- KATHRYN BARRY, HEAD OF HOUSEHOLD ARTS DEPARTMENT —
Lewis Institute, Chicago Normal School, University of Chicago. *Taught:*—Jamaica
Normal School, Jamaica, N. Y.; Parker Practice School.
- LILLIAN H. BRUCE, PHYSICAL EDUCATION DEPARTMENT —
Wellesley, Dr. Sargent's School of Physical Education, Gilbert Normal School of
Dancing, Nissen's School of Medical Gymnastics and Massage. *Taught:*—Iowa
State Teachers' College.
- ELVIRA D. CABELL, ENGLISH DEPARTMENT —
Radcliffe College, University of Chicago, and University of Minnesota. *Taught:*—
Norwood Institute, Washington, D. C.; East High School, Minneapolis, Minn.; and
Lake View and Wendell Phillips High Schools, Chicago.
- AARON HODGMAN COLE, SCIENCE DEPARTMENT —
Colgate University, Johns Hopkins University, and University of Chicago. *Taught:*—
Natural Sciences, Peddie Institute; Zoölogy at Cold Spring Harbor Biol. Laboratory.
Lecturer:—Zoölogy and geology, Colgate University; Biology, University of Chicago
Extension Division. *Author of:*—"Manual of Biological Projections and Anesthesia
of Animals," and other articles.
- ADA F. COLLINS, ART DEPARTMENT —
Smith College. Studied art of Mrs. Campbell of Boston. *Taught:*—Public schools
of Minn.; Settlement work in New York and Boston; and in Vocational Training at
Marshall Field and Co.
- JANE PERRY COOK, HEAD OF GEOGRAPHY DEPARTMENT —
Wellesley College, Northwestern University, and University of Chicago. *Taught:*—
Waukegan High School; South Chicago High School.
- HELENE LOUISE DICKEY, HEAD LIBRARIAN —
Studied literature, art, music, and German at Lake Forest University Junior College.
Took library work in Northwestern University, and in the University of Chicago.
Taught:—As a substitute in a private school in Virginia City, Nev. Was assistant
to manager of Education Department in the Chicago Office, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
- GEORGE WILLIAM EGGERS, HEAD OF THE ART DEPARTMENT —
Studied art at Pratt Institute. *Taught:*—Pratt Institute, and at Chautauqua. Has
made illustrations for many of the popular magazines.
- HENRY WATERMAN FAIRBANK, HEAD OF MUSIC DEPARTMENT —
University of Michigan. Student in music at Boston. *Taught:*—Music, Flint,
Mich., Public Schools; Chicago High Schools; Supervisor of music, Chicago Public
Schools. Has also been Commissioner of Immigration for State of Michigan.
- MABEL R. FERNALD, PSYCHOLOGY DEPARTMENT —
Mount Holyoke College, University of Chicago. *Taught:*—New York City and
Pittsburg Vacation Schools; Preparatory Department Denison University; Kinder-
garten Training Schools, Chicago.
- ELLEN FITZGERALD, ENGLISH DEPARTMENT —
University of Chicago. Principal of grammar school, Bloomington, Ill. Special
teacher of English in grammar grades, Austin, Ill.
- VIRGINIA WINCHESTER FREEMAN, HEAD OF ORAL EXPRESSION DEPARTMENT —
Blackburn University, Oxford University, England.

ALICE L. GARTHE, MUSIC DEPARTMENT —

Specialized in music and languages. *Taught:*— German, English, and Music in the grammar grades, and entered Music Department of the Chicago Public Schools, 1910.

AGNES M. HARDINGE, ASSISTANT TO THE PRINCIPAL AND DIRECTOR OF COLLEGE EXTENSION —

Began as an elementary teacher at the Kinzie School, teaching all grades. Taught also at the North Division High School and the North Side Teachers' Training Class. Became Head of the Normal Extension Department of the Chicago Normal School, and in January, 1911, was promoted to the office of dean.

EDWARD EMORY HILL, HEAD OF HISTORY DEPARTMENT —

Syracuse University. Principal Public Schools, Lysander, N. Y., and also of the High School, Tuscola, Ill. Teacher, Hyde Park High School.

EDGAR C. HINKLE, MATHEMATICS DEPARTMENT —

Indiana State Normal, Indiana University, Wisconsin University, and University of Chicago. *Taught:*— Goshen, Indiana H. S.; Winona, Minn. H. S.; Indiana University; Elgin, Ill., H. S.; Lake View High School, Chicago.

CYRUS LAURON HOOPER, ENGLISH DEPARTMENT —

Indiana University, Northwestern University, University of Chicago. *Taught:*— As Principal at Spencer, Wis.; Superintendent, New Harmony, Indiana; Professor in English, Ohio University, Athens, Ohio; Teacher, Tuley High School, Chicago.

JAMES FLEMING HOSIC, HEAD OF ENGLISH DEPARTMENT —

Nebraska State Normal School, University of Chicago. Principal of High School, Auburn, Nebr.; Supt. Public Schools, Arapahoe, Nebr.; Instructor, Orleans College, Nebraska; Professor of English and Literature, Nebraska State Normal School. Editor of "The English Journal."

JEAN HUTCHISON, INDUSTRIAL ARTS DEPARTMENT —

Chicago Normal School, Teachers' College, Columbia University. *Taught:*— Public Schools of Chicago; special critic Industrial Arts Department, Practice Schools.

ANTOINETTE W. MILLER, ART DEPARTMENT —

Pupil of Arthur W. Dow, and Frederic Freer, Pratt Institute, Brooklyn. Instructor of art in Chicago Public Schools; the Froebel and Free Kindergarten Association; School of Education; Chicago Art Institute.

S. FAY MILNER, HOUSEHOLD ARTS DEPARTMENT —

Chicago Normal School, Northwestern University. *Taught:*— J. M. Thorp and Harrison Schools, Chicago.

ELMER A. MORROW, MANUAL ARTS DEPARTMENT —

F. Holme School of Illust., Chicago Academy of Fine Arts. *Taught:*— Academy of Fine Arts.

MARY McCOWEN, HEAD OF DEAF ORAL DEPARTMENT —

Iowa State University. *Taught:*— Public Schools and Summer County Institutes of Iowa; Public Schools of Omaha; Nebraska State Institute for the Deaf, doing experimental work in speech teaching and development of hearing; Supervisor of Chicago Public Schools for the Deaf.

J. T. McMANIS, HEAD OF EDUCATION DEPARTMENT —

OSCAR LINCOLN McMURRY, HEAD OF INDUSTRIAL ARTS DEPARTMENT —

Illinois State Normal University, University of Michigan, Cornell University, art student at Paris, Fellow in Teachers College, Columbia University. *Taught:*— Armstrong, Ill.; Clifton, Ill.; Principal of Schools Millersburg, Ill., and Catlin, Ill.; Elementary Manual Training Chicago Public Schools.

ALICE O'GRADY, HEAD OF KINDERGARTEN DEPARTMENT —

Taught:— Toronto Public Schools; Boston, Mrs. Quincy Shaw's School; Baltimore, Friend's Elementary School (Kindergarten and Primary Assistant in Kindergarten Work); Montreal, Protestant High Schools (Head of First Primary Department, Boys' and Girls' School); Head of Kindergarten Dept., State Normal School, New Britain, Conn.

WILLIAM BISHOP OWEN, PRINCIPAL CHICAGO TEACHERS COLLEGE —

Denison University, University of Chicago, University of Berlin, University of Halle. *Taught:*— Mount Pleasant, Pa.; Morgan Park, Ill.; University of Chicago.

ISABEL RICHMAN, PENMANSHIP DEPARTMENT —

Chicago Normal School. *Taught:*— Head Assistant of Oakland School, Chicago.

OLIVE RUSSELL, KINDERGARTEN DEPARTMENT —

LUCIE HAMMOND SCHACHT, HISTORY DEPARTMENT—

University of Chicago. *Taught:*—Western College, Oxford, Ohio; Private schools in Chicago; Wendell Phillips High School, Chicago.

JOHN WILKES SHEPHERD, HEAD OF SCIENCE DEPARTMENT—

Indiana State Normal, Indiana University. *Taught:*—Indiana State Normal; Normal School, Rose Polytechnic Institute; University of Chicago.

GRANT SMITH, SCIENCE DEPARTMENT—

South Dakota Normal School, University of Wisconsin, Harvard University. Principal of Schools, Miller, So. Dakota; Instructor in Zoölogy, Beloit College; Austin Teaching Fellow, Harvard University.

BLANCHE M. TRILLING, PHYSICAL EDUCATION DEPARTMENT—

Specialized in music at Cincinnati College of Music; special training in Physical Education, Boston Normal School of Gymnastics. Had charge of Tuberculosis Class of the Social Service Department of the Massachusetts General Hospital, Summer of 1909; Director of Physical Education for Women, University of Missouri and University of Chicago. Leaves this year to become Assistant Professor in Physical Education and Director of the Women's Gymnasium at the University of Wisconsin.

CLARA WALKER, GEOGRAPHY DEPARTMENT—

University of Chicago, Harvard summer schools, Women's Medical College of Chicago. *Taught:*—Wm. McKinley High School, Chicago.

This biography so simple,
Does not half portray
The works and thoughts so ample
Of our faculty of to-day.
For full many a kindly action
Is forgotten and unseen
In the hurry of each faction
To complete the day's routine,

And quite often is a helping hand
Rejected at each turn,
And we seem not to understand
That we are here to learn.
And so these tales of great degrees
Are only half the story,
What each one really is and does
Should be added to his glory.

Tramp Life

● People call me a tramp. Well, perhaps I am one; it all depends on what you mean by that term. At any rate, I am a Freeman, unfettered by any bonds of society, and roam at will. I am Owen no man. My greatest ambition is to learn the country and its geography first hand, and not being a Richman, my means of transportation are primitive. That is to say, my pedal extremities are my best friends.

I have been a Walker all my life. I have traveled up Hill and down, through valleys, across meadows. Many a Shepherd have I befriended when studying the pasture lands of the west. And how delightful it has been to wander through the woods, and to hear the Russell of the leaves and the Trilling of the birds, as I lay me down to rest beneath the trees!

But I do not always have to walk. Sometimes I am fortunate enough to obtain reserved seats on the railroad. The Hutchison, Topeka, and Kansas line being my favorite,—its cabooses are so comfortable.

Neither do I always travel alone. My latest acquaintance is French, but nevertheless, we get along very well. He was once a Milner in Paris, but adverse circumstances led him to come to America where he became a Miller. He soon left this position, however, to accompany me.

At the time of this story, we were both traveling down a winding Lane, leading to the water's edge. When we arrived here, we found it had a very Fairbank, and immediately laid down our belongings, dug up some Bates, and began to fish. It was not long before we had a bite, and pulling in the line, found we had a twenty pound bass. This was indeed a feast, and since we had not eaten for two days, we immediately set about to Cook it. But alas! We had no fire. So while my companion watched the catch, lest perchance some miscreant should steal it, I wandered to the nearest Smith in search of Cole. Of course, he was duly Schacht, but finally yielded to my request. I then hurried back. We had our feast and my friend ate so much it gave him a Payne, from which he recovered slowly. Then, as I saw in the distance the owner of the land on which we were camping. I said to Frenchie, "Hoop'er up, if you don't want to spend a night in jail." Then off we tramped in search of food and recreation for the Morrow.

SADIE A. McELIGOTT.

Part Three—The Students

The Diary of Samuel Pepys for the Year of Our Lord 1911-12

THIS BEING A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED ACCOUNT WRITTEN WHILE IN THE
CHICAGO TEACHERS COLLEGE

September 4, 1911.—This day I did return to school and am determined to keep account of all the events which seem to me of interest, during the year. I found the halls full of people laughing and talking. Some say they are glad to be back at work again, but I believe every man loves a holiday better than a work-day — and no wonder.

September 11.—I am kept occupied by my studies. This day being Monday, we did all gladly gather in the hall to hear Mr. Owen speak on the value and purpose of Assemblies. A goodly discourse.

September 21.—Up, and to school, the day being mighty pleasant. After classes to the reception for those newly come to our school. There was given me a white J writ upon green, done by the Lower Seniors, very pretty; and was well pleased with it.

October 9.—This the anniversary of the Chicago Fire. We celebrated with a special program, and there heard about this fire, it seeming pretty great to the rest, but nothing to the fire of London, so that it made me think little of it.

October 16.—I up and to classes and thence to Assembly where one Mrs. Best did discourse upon the Drama League of America. I found it a pretty speech.

October 17.—This day, loitering in the halls I did have a most extraordinary adventure, for I did see a long procession of ghosts filing up the staircases. I was much frightened and did think the place haunted until one explained that this was merely the S. D. C. initiation.

October 30.—Heard, in Assembly, Prof. Butler on "The Value of Education." A fine speaker indeed.

October 31.—All-Hallow's Eve. Spirits abroad to-day.

November 3.—Till midnight almost, and till I had tired my backe in study—and so to bed.

November 6.—This day Mr. Shoop spoke to us and upon this texte, "Am I my Brother's Keeper?" A most excellent good talk.

November 13.—Forth betimes and to school where I heard much fine musique, being beyond all I ever heard before, by the Glee Clubs and one Mrs. Herdien.

November 30.—This day, by the grace of God we did celebrate in Thanksgiving to Him, for the blessings bestowed upon us. A program provided by the Lower Seniors gave much pleasure and especially a poem by Pauline Rosaire, a poem most excellently well done.

December 22.—I to school, and by and by to Assembly where the Upper Juniors spoke and sang upon the song of the angels "Glory to God on high, on earth peace, and good-will toward men." Thence, very joyful home to my Christmas holidays.

January 2, 1912.—Back to school, not very well pleased to be at work again,—nor any man else.

January 8.—To-day I did visit the Assembly and there heard a debate on this texte, "That the State of Illinois should adopt the recall for all elective offices." Those of the affirmative did win — which pleased me.

January 19.—To the play-house and there saw "A Night Off," the best comedy I think that ever was wrote, and all big with admiration for it.

January 25.—To my classes and find that certain are to graduate soon and come back no more.

January 29.—Up, and back to school, the new semester beginning to-day. Busy with new studies. By chance I did wander into the Assembly Hall, where one made a very good talk on Alaska.

February 5.—Infinity of business to do, which makes my head full.

February 9.—In honor of the birthday of Abraham Lincoln we came together and heard Jenkin Lloyd Jones upon this text.

February 12.—Lincoln's birthday. School closed, for which I am not sorry.

February 21.—At my waking I found the houses covered with snow and a great blizzard raging. Did come late to school and should have had the good sense to stay at home had I known how bad the day was. To the Assembly and there heard given a program on George Washington. I found it very good and the rest by frequent plaudits did show their sufficient approbation.

February 22.—Washington's Birthday. Another holiday. I feasted in town and was well pleased at this.

February 29.—This being leap year we have an extra day, which we did celebrate with an examination in Physiologie.

March 2.—When I wake I find a great thaw and my house overflown with it, which vexed me.

March 4.—I went forth as usual to school and was much amused by a little play which is called, "The Kleptomaniac." The play in one word is the best for the variety and most excellent continuance of the plot to the very end that I ever saw, or think ever shall.

March 7.—A great amount of work to do. Indeed, for these two or three days I have not been without a great many cares.

March 11.—To school and classes and after that to Assembly, at which I slept.

March 15.—Up and to school in my new spring suit which becomes me most nobly as my friends say.

March 20.—Dined in the lunch room with some friends. I had for them, after oysters, a hash of lamb and a rare chine of beef. Cost me about 30s. My dinner was noble and enough. It would please me better if my check were not put into my food. It seems to me uncleanly.

March 28.—I have observed that certain of the teachers do have phrases which they use constantly and it hath much amused me to set these down. There is one who saith continually in his discourse, "Now the reason for that is this." To another all things are "sensitive." A third does always preface his remarks with, "Now, listen girls." Says another of my professors, "Ah! yes indeed, ah! yes indeed," while one in discourse, having all his notions the most distinct and clear in his head will say from time to time, "That is to say, in other words." All this is very amusing but I much fear that I in their place would not do one half so well.

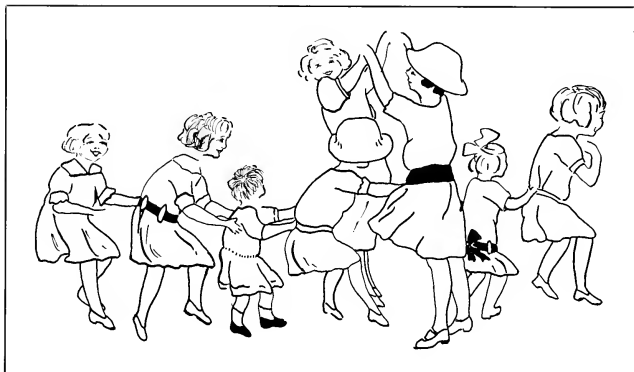
April 4.—Up and to school and with great joy did hand in a paper which hath kept me very busy.

April 19.—This being Arbor Day we listened to a talk on trees by one Mr. Prost, and thence to the green, where we planted some that will perchance delight and please those generations which follow us.

April 25. To see the dancing of certain Clubs, Senior and Junior. I enjoyed great pleasure at the sight, especially of one dance which was called "The Heart of the Rose," in which they all did throw pink roses at the Faculty who sat watching them. A pretty sight!

April 26.—Up and to school, this day seeming endless as it is the last before vacation. Two o'clock came at length and so home, where I am in very good health and mind's content. May I be thankful for it!

OLIVE DAVIS.



The Festival of 1912

*"Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks and wreathed Smiles."*

In the week of June 10, 1912, the four thousand people of our school community—the Chicago Teachers College, the Parker High School and Practice, and the Carter and Harrison Practice schools—will all become villagers, villagers of some little hamlet of Old England. On the college campus they will hold a great festival, for all the celebrations of a whole year are to be crowded into one merry holiday in which everyone takes part. Two of the great seasons in the lives of the European villagers were the planting and the reaping of the crops. Their rejoicings at these seasons were religious in principle, though greatly modified by their love of pleasure and fun. The idea underlying the June festival is the celebration of the seasons of spring, midsummer, and autumn as the country folks celebrated them. It is mainly the customs of Old England which are to be represented, and as far as possible the games, dances, songs, and costumes are historical.

The first scene will be a battle between the forces of winter and spring, symbolical of the retreat of winter before spring. Two games to be introduced here, "Knots in May" and "Furry Dance," also symbolize the seasonal change. Inevitably spring's forces conquer, and after the retreat of winter, spring flowers, violets, convolvuluses, hepaticas, and spring anemones rise from the ground attended by bees and butterflies. Each group has its own graceful dance and all finally merge into one gay measure.

This coming to life of Nature from the seeming death of winter is embodied in several stories, such as those of Balder and Persephone, and the Sleeping Beauty. The Sleeping Beauty is to be given at the festival in pantomime. The first scene represents the court,

the christening of the baby princess, the gifts of the fairies, and the curse of the wicked fairy; the second shows the growth of the hedge, the arrival of the prince, and the awakening of the princess.

The May-day celebration was probably the most joyful one of all in Old England. All classes took part in it, from king to country bumpkin, for "the merriest month in all the year is the merrie month of May." The villagers with garlands will assemble on the green and make merry with song and dance. The morris-dancers arrive with their bells and sticks. Robin Hood and his followers, among whom are Maid Marion, Friar Tuck, and Little John, display their skill in archery and in combats with the quarter staff. To complete the scene of gayety and color come the Maypole dancers with their Queen of the May, and milkmaids, sweeps, shepherdesses, and villagers dance about the Maypole.

As we all know, on Midsummer's eve the fairies hold sway. The festival scene represents the frolic of gnomes, pixies, brownies, elves, etc., with Shakespeare's Puck and Titania. Each group comes running into the center from different points of the circle, dances and retires to make place for another group. Finally, all dance away as the procession of harvesters approaches from the trees.

Harvest time is distinctly the laborer's ceremonial, for it represents the result of his toil and his thanksgiving to Heaven for peace and comfort during the winter. In our festival the procession of laborers, bearing their implements of labor and autumn fruits and flowers, approaches from a distance. A small group of reapers dances happily on the green, then come autumn flowers (poppies, corn flowers, and yellow daisies), followed by the weary haymakers. Harvest fruits (apples, grapes) move past and the jolly vintners follow. The last group is that of the reapers bearing aloft the "Kern," a figure of wheat, and singing harvest songs. Slowly the procession moves away from the village green. The whole scene ends with a vanishing, scattering dance of autumn leaves.

Did You Know?

That Mr. Hooper amuses himself by making a garden and watching his bees?

That one of our learned faculty is quite accomplished in many lines other than teaching? We take pleasure in announcing that Mr. McMurry has designed school houses, garages, and even a jail! We never thought it of you, Mr. McMurry.

That Mr. Eggers is a man of many clubs! How would you like to have these after your name: W. D. M. T. A., C. S. A. A., L. S. A. A., C. R. I & P., C. L. S., S. S. L.? Who's our authority? Ask him.

That a rumor that Mr. Ashley had been seen sliding down the banister at the Parker Practice spread consternation throughout the school? On thorough investigation the report was substantiated, but the original reporter had failed to attach the suffix Jr.

That Mr. Hill, our able historian, can wash dishes and whistle tunes, and that his favorite pastime is playing tennis?

That a humble Senior recently saw Mr. Buchholz two-stepping down the halls of the Harrison School, to the melody of the piano on the floor above?



The Emblem

Many students who have entered this Normal School at different times have been surprised when they heard that the school had no seal or emblem which would stand for the school on pins and rings, and which could be used as a decoration for the year-book, the weekly, and in any place where a decoration was needed. The present Upper Senior class must have felt this need to be more urgent than previous classes had, for it decided that during its time the school would get an emblem if such a thing were possible.

A committee was appointed for this purpose. This committee has been a long time at work, but it has accomplished its purpose, and the emblem, as it appears on the cover of this book, is an accepted part of our school decoration.

In order that the emblem might be a school emblem and not merely a class emblem, it had to be an expression of the ideas of the whole school. Committees were appointed from the other three classes, and three members of our faculty—Miss Trilling, Miss Hutchison, and Mr. Morrow—were appointed as advisors. This committee thought that the traditions of the school, such as the pine, ought to be embodied in the emblem, and that we should get the ideas of the school as to the form the emblem should take. Mr. Holic talked to the school about the traditions, and then the students were asked to give, in written form, their suggestions. From the response to this request, it was evident that the ideas of the school on this subject were rather hazy and indefinite.

In order to arouse more enthusiasm, we talked about the emblem in our class meetings, and had it written up in the WEEKLY. Then we called again for suggestions in the form of sketches. These were given to Mr. Eggers, who had very kindly consented to make our finished emblem, using the ideas suggested by the sketches. Mr. Eggers made several sketches, which were voted on by the whole school. The emblem which was chosen won over the others by a large majority, and it received a majority of the votes of each class in the school.

The emblem will be adapted to our pins and rings, and in order that it may be a permanent part of our school decoration, the Upper Senior class will present it in some form to the school as a gift.

MILDRED A. CHINLUND.

UPPER SENIORS

OFFICERS



Beatrice Van Wagon
President



Edwina Wild
Vice-President



Josephine Ojden
Secretary



Frances Mitchell
Treasurer



Joseph Shene
Reporter



Mabel K. Sullivan



James Pickett



Ruth Travett



Mabel Stewart



Anna Malley



Sam Redhouse



Esther Halligan



Evelyn McKay



Maybelen Green



Genevieve Watson



Ethel O'Donnell



Marie Wright



Martha McEllenbach



Clara Ryan



Catherine Hardy



Lillian Fluney



Ann Haughey



Roscoe Portelaff



Josephine



Edna Sherr



Bertha Russell



Mary Stone



Madeline Brown



Edna Green



Anna Swenson



Lillian Johnson



Alice O'Brien



Clara Wald



Frances McLaghtin



Anna Mullan



Agnes M. Anderson



Edna Robert



Beanie Hjort



Irma M. Payne



Marie Dargan



Hester Cuppage



Lucy Blaha



Mary McDonough



Ebbie Haglund



Loretta McIntyre



Sordie McNelly



Hester Paul



Catherine Tabery



Grace Webber



Mary Schroeder



Lillian Nelson



Helma Reinold



Cornelia Moreland



Rae Christie



Catherine Hartgen



Gertrude Pechman



Mary McGrath



Elma Mayer



Dorothea Auer



Florence Nelson



Edna McInnes



Catherine Glavin



Helma Hovet



Grace Hovet



Anna Hovet



Helen Ingham



Ella Flynn



Grace Manton



Agnes C. Anderson



Emma Olson



Teresa Ratsch



Myrtle Taylor



Mabel Oosterboek



Rollo Rosenthal



Beth Watson



Irene Denehaue



Roby Roberts



Miriam Lavek



Catherine Walsh



Francis Gerty



Juliet Ryan



Kathleen Brennan



Helen Wall



Loretta McCarthy



Rose Rooney



Louise Ritter



Frances McGinnis



Irene Farrell



Emily Cuson



Anna Ward



Lillian Schlichter



Lottie Bruff



Isabel Harrison



Fern Booth



Jennie Rankin



Sarah Hussinas



Margaret Kearney



Cora Eckhoff



Leona McGinley



Mattie Armstrong



Genevieve O'Connell



Irene Doyle



Philip Gelling



Pauline Rosaire



Nettie Siebenaker



James Weber



Ethel Hogan



Hazel Stillman



Mary Sheehan



Lillian Larson



Catherine Arnold



Annetta Schmidt



Mildred Moore



Esther Johnson



Mary Gillies



Margaret Gallagher



Norma Jensen



May Cameron



Alice Gleason



Marguerite Church



Elizabeth Aiken



Florence Fox



Bertha Hanson



Florence McNichols



Magda Jensen



Elsie Baumgard



Jessie Bohrer



Florence Lynn



Gertrude Allen



Nellie Robertson



Mildred Mundt



Gladys Carpenter



Luella Ritter



Helen Needler



Mae Galvin



Margaret Shields



Charlotte Krause



Hazel Gallagher



Isabelle Barry



Hazel Larsen



Christine Fuchs



Faith Hitchcock



Loretta Dolan



Margaret Martin



Esther Hanson



Gladis Abraham



Minnie Anderson



Minnie Stroschen



Ida Fogelsoo



Marion Hill



Hazel Alliger



Frances Crooks



Isabel Lyons



Honor Fuge



Elaine Fischer



Rose Cuspea



Hazel Dunkley



Loretta McCoy



Grace Coughlin



Nellie Grape



Agnes Mathison



Lavinia Jordan



Susan Scully



Irene Frack



Elsa Schaefer



Ruth Collins



Mary McPhillie



Ruth Anderson



Mary Soukup



Isabelle McDowell



Viola Bauer



Alice Andrews



Elsie Simpson

UPPER SENIORS

GOLDIE ABRAHAM, 3060 East 92d St., South Chicago.

It may be truthfully said that she is quiet. All her time is spent in thinking, so she hasn't time to talk. But she always gets there just the same.

ELIZABETH AIKEN, 3752 North Lincoln St.

Last year we used to see much of her laughing brown eyes, and dimples, but this year they seem to be gone—not her eyes but her smiles.

HAZEL ALLGIER, 521 North Kedzie Ave. We have our Elective Music Class, but oh! you Brahma! Some day after Hazel has finished this beloved college, her name will be written in the Book of Fame, for the perfect rendition of Brahma in some mosque, for did not Miss Garthe say it was particularly adapted to her voice?

GERTRUDE ALLEN, 1352 North Hamlin Ave.

Her favorite subject is gymnastics. She developed acrobatic propensities at a very early age and was a source of constant alarm to her parents. She feels sure that she will at least be able to "handle" the children. Gertrude is one of those ever-ready, helpful girls who meet their obligations cheerfully. If she proves as true a friend in the future as she has in the past, she will never want for happiness.

AGNES C. ANDERSEN, 4114 West 20th St.

Which one is that? The smaller of the two. A quiet, retiring girl. When in doubt as to something in geography ask her, because she knows.

AGNES M. ANDERSEN, 2313 North Lawndale Ave.

Another one of the "quiets," a studious child who has become famous for her "Grieg Recital."

MINNIE ANDERSON, 1431 Tripp Ave.

Very economical of speech is Minnie Anderson. In fact, 'tis rumored that she doth weigh each word, to see that there be no loss. But though she speaks little, Minnie says much; in a class she is the relief committee, coming to the rescue when everyone else has said the wrong thing.

ALICE ANDREWS, 150 North Wood St.

One of the indispensable things in a class is, surely, a little wit and humor. And we should be grateful to any one who can furnish a bit. If you ever sat next to Alice, you probably know that she has the magic power to conjure a laugh out of any situation. A jolly time always follows in her wake.

CATHERINE ARNOLDI, 4213 North Lincoln St.

Hers is a pure, sweet face, brightened by a sunny smile, and, although she is but a wee sma' lass, she is generous and true for a' that.

HATTIE ARNSTEIN, 4219 Calumet Ave.

A remarkably nice, bright young lady. A mathematics student—practiced in it, of course. Taught gym... and nature study too; even did special teaching in gym.

DOROTHEA ARONER, 1115 South Halsted St.

A wonder at story-telling. The oral expression class will vouch for that. She is a worker in everything, especially in settlement work. Many a poor little West Side girl is thankful that Dorothea Aroner tumbled from a star once upon a time.

GRACE ARADO, 1401 Wells St.

A jolly good lass, Grace Arado, Is liked by her teachers and class, oh! An historian of note, She should have the vote— This robust young maid, Grace Arado.

EDNA BABER, 400 South Homan Ave.

Chicago had better guard her gates, or one of her most charming conversationalists will be running away and spending the remainder of her days at Sinsinawa, Wis. Can't you imagine her a nun?

ISABELLE BARRY, 2335 South Ridgeway Ave.

Harrison Fisher should have claimed her for a model long ago. She plays and sings, and liked geography a great deal until—she began to teach it.

VIOLA BAUER, 2610 Mildred Ave.

Viola Bauer, the stately queen of the "bangs," has developed an operatic voice, as was noted in the elective music class. One of her most potent charms is her strong "grip."

ILMA BAYLE, 3652 Wabansia Ave.

Ilma is quite a talented child—she dotes on music, both vocal and instrumental, and was formerly the mainstay of the gossip section of the Weekly. We are afraid Ilma is inclined to be a coquette, but at Normal she has no chance to exercise her talent in that direction.

LUCY BLAHA, Berwyn, Ill.

A very agreeable young person, who enjoys herself wherever she goes. If she doesn't like the procedure of events, she just calmly falls asleep. But then—she's not the only one.

JESSIE BOHRER, 1841 Nelson St.

The borer in the tree of knowledge? Also the juvenile party specialist, and the gone-but-not-forgotten groom of the S. D. C. initiation. Bokoo performance, Jessie; keep it up.

ELSIE BOOMGARN, 3236 West 12th St.

The dignified Elsie Boomgarn Was once overheard to say "Darn!" The cause of her trouble Was the loss of her double (Clara Ryan), Who was found on her way to the barn.

FERN BOOTH, 4240 Berceau Ave.

Fern has grown exceedingly thin because of hard work. She greets you with a serious mein, yet there is a little twinkle in her eye that warns you that she is not so serious as she looks.

KATHLEEN BRENNAN, 1714 Monticello Ave.

Graduate of a well-known Northwest Side grammar school, also of Tuley, where she was a society leader. Intended to be an actress, but decided that school teaching pays better. Very fond of the Harrison school.

LOTTIE BRUFF, 1539 Chicago Road, Chicago Heights.

Lottie isn't famous. No! No one ever said she was. She is particularly fond of the country, and rural delights to be found there in—bob-sleighing and summer resorting. We are afraid that Lottie is not quite as serious as she ought to be, pedagogically speaking, but then—

MARY BURKE, 7815 Peoria St.

Mary has done that most difficult of things, made a "hit" with her seventh grade students on account of her learning. Enough said, but oh, the dodges on the way home from the Carter school!

GERTRUDE BUTLER, 639 West 43d Pl.

Though we try hard not to, we envy Gertrude, for she keeps her work and play apart and yet does both well. She is our jolly "Gert" and our "brilliant Gertrude" in the right place at the right time.

MARGARET CALLAGHAN, 5201 Carpenter St.

Margaret's chief purpose in life is making paper flowers for the young Harrisonites. We have seen her thusly engaged for minutes at a time. Margaret is the backbone of the Current Topics Club, also, but prefers the former occupation.

MAY CAMERON, 5331 Winthrop Ave.

Elizabeth's shadow. She always was quiet. It must be her influence that is working on Elizabeth. Her special hobby seems to be collecting "crossed gun pins."

GLADYS CARPENTER, 7516 Coles Ave.

A very sedate and quiet young miss she appears to be. But looks are often deceiving. She is really a mischief when she starts.

ESTELLE CARRIER, 1420 West 71st St.

We stand in great awe of Estelle. She fusses little and worries not at all, and yet gets the very thing which we work so hard to secure.

MILDRED CHINLUND, 3756 Sheffield Ave.

Of emblem fame. Often heard to exclaim in a tragic voice, "Oh! there's that old pin man again." But how could she help being tragic when she was a member of the cast of "A Night Off"?

RAE CHRISTIE, 1537 Diversey Blvd.

There aren't many Rae Christies in this world, and we were fortunate indeed to have ours. She will long linger in our memory as the kind, helpful and loyal friend to all. And in the realm of music Rae dwells, too. But she showed her genius when she explained "Cleon"—yes, actually "Cleon"—to a class that was consumed with admiration and astonishment.

MARGUERITE CHURCH, 3727 California Ave.

Next in line is our little minute. It has been said that if Marguerite would not run so much she might grow a second, but since she is so fond of that "dear" Miss Baldwin, she just has to stay and chat with her, and as a result, she must run as hard as she can to get that Nature Study before Dr. Smith calls the roll.

CATHERINE CLARKE, 3205 Park Ave.

Our tall, happy friend, Catherine Clarke, Is always prepared for a lark. Still, she's ever at work, Ne'er her duty did shirk, And this explains her high mark.

MARION COLEMAN, 421 East 42d Pl.

Beautiful faces are those that wear, It matters little if dark or fair; Gladness and sunshine printed there.

GRACE COUGHLIN, 2958 Walnut St.

"Oh! I'm so tired! I wish it were last hour, and here it's only fourth. Sure, Nature Study is my last-hour class, and, as easy as it is, there is nothing too easy for me." So says Grace; but never mind, she'll make it up when she gets out teaching.

ROSE CUNEO, 1350 La Salle Ave.

Rose Cuneo the school cherub and champion Nature Study shark! Rose can absorb more nature study per quart than any other member of this school. We predict she will be a horticulturist.

HESTER CUPPAGE, 1238 North Kedzie Ave.

The princess of the United Kingdom—and she only a slip of a girl. Well! Well! And, in her own words, "a pocket edition of Mrs. Hardinge."

EMILY CUSON, 1546 West 13th St.

Emily is an authority on coiffures; also on banquets—she has one every noon—33 cents. Besides adding to the prosperity of the lunchroom, Cutie spends her time in the gentle art of histrionic astronomy (that is, her best beloved study of dramatic stars).

MIRIAM COLLINS, 1919 Park Ave.

Her virtues are many. Her one transgression occurred when she "tripped the light fantastic toe" under the eyes of an unsought audience.

MARIE DARGAN, 1641 West 99th St.

Marie's pet abomination is carrying a basket of geraniums down to the Harrison, on the morning train, where she knows everybody. We judge further comment unnecessary.

BEATRICE DAWSON, 1450 East 51st St.

If you happen to be passing the chemistry laboratory, or in fact, if you are within a mile of Normal, and notice a peculiar odor like unto limburger cheese (tho it really is pineapple ester), you will know Miss Dawson is at work in the "lab."

ETHEL DENMAN, 7217 Langley Ave.

Ethel is another of our studiously inclined and cerise-hatted damsels. We haven't any inside information about her past history, but we know she is one of the Harrison's enthusiastic quota of Nature Studiers.

MARGIE DOHERTY, 1843 South Central Park Ave.

Doherty and Donahue have long been known as the Mutt and Jeff combination. Margie, our famous Jeff, has a most unnatural craving to visit Hamilton Park at noon. We wonder why.

LORETTA DOLAN, 19 Chalmers Place.

Will you ever forget Loretta's fondness for making speeches in history? She is quiet and unassuming, but beneath her dignity runs a vein of mirth. Her large eyes haunt me still.

IRENE DONAHUE, 5488 Greenwood Ave.

The other one! Irene has an expansive smile, a joyfully cherubic disposition, and a severely studious inclination. Sufficiently enumerated.

IRENE DOYLE, 433 Tremont St.

Aside from her psychological and sociological opinions, Irene has two very strong beliefs—first; that she never snored in a historical atmosphere, second, that an Adamless Eden is impossible. To the first, we say "Prove it"; to the second, we bow to her superior judgment.

HAZEL DUNLEAVY, 2817 North Robey St.

She is never known to shirk. Hazel is one of those quiet kind whose "silent effort moves the world."

ELSIE DYER, 1917 North Lawndale Ave.

A very business-like girl with a great many affairs to attend to. We know her when she is coming down the hall, by her business-like walk.

CORA ECKOFF, 5904 Evergreen St., Norwood Park.

If Cora has ever defied the bounds of propriety, she has successfully concealed the fact from the scribes. Her talents are many, but we can best describe them in the words, "She doeth all things well."

INEZ ENGLISH, Wilmette.

Small credit is due a student who lives a block from school and gets there on time. But when one comes "way from the country" (Wilmette, I mean) and is never tardy, she certainly deserves praise — doesn't she, Inez?

IRENE FARRELL, 2968 Prairie Ave.

One of the four hundred. Favorite study, education, altho she seems exceedingly fond of English. Spends every minute outside of school hours sewing; has no use whatever for men. Especially fond of attending class meetings.

ELSIE FISHER, 1406 Cleveland Ave.

Cares and worries do not beset this calm individual. Let it be recorded for future ages, that c'en when she was in practice, it was a pleasure to be with her, for she did not pour into the ears of those about her an everlasting tale of woe.

ANNA FENNESSY, 523 East 46th Place.
To her, life is a serious problem. She is an efficient and loyal worker.

ELLEN FLYNN, 4235 Jackson Blvd.

Nature Study is Ella's forte. She knows the difference between an atom and a molecule, the Paradalinum and the Tenuifolium. But best of all, she keeps this knowledge to herself.

LILLIAN FLUMEY, 2507 North Campbell Ave.

"Have you that article ready for the school book?" This is Lillian, our eminent psychologic household artist, who is studying the wherefores why people do not hand in material. We admire her industry.

IDA FOGELSON, 2334 State St.

Ida's chief sorrow in life is her diminutive figure. As one consoling balm, we offer the old proverb, "Best goods, etc."; as another, we remind her of the recognized right of small people to "depend," and a mathematical leaning-post is not forbidden.

SARAH FOLEY, 6547 Hermitage Ave.

All the treasurers love Sarah. She pays the full amount of her dues without being asked and never expects or demands that it be immediately returned a hundredfold. Yet she wears no wings and walks on terra firma.

CHRISTINE FUCHS, 522 Michigan Ave.

Our University student, with the mathematical headpiece. She is an enthusiast in the cause of education — co-education, in particular.

FLORENCE FOX, 6926 East End Ave.

A more attractive girl than Florence Fox we've never met. With a smile and a greeting for every one, she brings cheer to all.

IRENE FRANK, 3744 Osgood St.

Irene is a worshiper of a certain member of our faculty, and an enthusiastic votary at the shrine of the elective music. Besides marked histrionic ability, Irene can write gorgeously, though she won't admit it.

HONOR FUGE, 5041 North Superior St.

A history student of promise; in fact, a promising student in everything. When her name is pronounced in class by certain members of the faculty, a little shy on their pronunciation, one immediately thinks of a certain delightful sweet.

MARY GALLAGHER, 1821 Indiana Ave.

Behold, a majestic, dignified personage in our midst, befriending all who need her help and scattering smiles to all — as well as losing avoidroids (for which, by the way, she never advertises).

PHILLIP GELLING, 7331 Phillips Ave.

Our one, lone manual training boy! Altho he seems to be always trying to hide himself in Room 316, or in the basement, we have found out that he is really very nice.

FRANCIS J. GERTY, 6507 Parnell Ave.

This young man is remarkable for his devotion to the ethically sound and the ultimate —. He is also noted for his artistic propensities, his literature, his executive ability, etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., ad lib. His particular hobby, however, is picnicking.

MARY GILLIES, 2910 Dickens Ave.

Known at Tuley as "Diabolica," famous essayist and novelist. Her favorite pastimes are cooking and playing tennis; seems quiet, but —

ALICE GLEESON, 3919 Harvard St.

She can laugh and talk voluminously out of class — but in it, she just calmly sits and puffs the peace pipe, as she did in Rip Van Winkle.

IDA GORDON, 1426 South Halsted St.

Ida is a nice, quiet, studious maiden in school — but rumor hath it that when at home, she is considerably lively. We are surprised, Ida. As a future teacher, we —

NELLIE GRAPE, 4442 North 46th Ave.

Nellie loves tennis above all things on earth and teaching "Math" the next. A wise and bonnie maiden is Nellie, only a trifle inclined to lanes.

EBBA HAGLIND, 3134 Vernon Ave.

Ebba knows a beautiful street-car story, which she will relate to you on request! Also, Ebba is a geography shark, and a very bright and entertaining girl.

AGNES HALEY, 2456, 38th St.

Small in stature only — continually raving about the Harrison School. Everybody's friend.

ESTHER HALLIGAN, 5545 May St.

Esther could go to the University if she wanted to, but she really prefers to teach. We can readily understand this, for we know her special fondness for a certain room at the Harrison School.

HELEN HANRAHAN, 2933 Haynes Ct.

She and Agnes Haley are inseparable. Industrious and capable. Prominent club members (?)

ESTHER HANSEN, 10150 Muskegon Ave.

Esther is the least conceited of mortals, yet she has good reason to be so, if she wanted to. She has lost pounds and pounds over an unhappy love affair with a man in South Chicago and an "unsatisfied ambition to join the glee club."

BERTHA HANSEN, 1836 North Spaulding Ave.

Quiet but generous. Bertha has often been confused with Esther Hansen, but seems now to be identified.

ISABELLE HARRISON, 4427 Linden Ave.

Leader of "high life" in Irving Park. Loves mathematics. Very fond of the Harrison School.

CATHERINE HARTIGAN, 712 Bowen Ave.

Catherine is the famous business woman of the S. D. C. She goes around with a yard of tickets and a pained, anxious expression that wrings our heartstrings. But, altho she is such a good little girl, there are rumors of a romance with a certain young gentleman in our midst.

ANNE HEAGNEY, 4648 Emerald Ave.

Anne is our bright and shining light; and she has shone out very faithfully during her stay at Normal. We all know her intense love for writing themes, but her chief triumphs were won in the debating club.

MAISIE HILL, 322 East 68th St.

Plays the violin. Plays tennis. Does not play in practice. Hard worker. Terribly worried about her freckles.

FAITH HITCHCOCK, 2032 Howe St.

N. D. girl. Well known as singing teacher, chorister, and famous for rendition of the title rôle in "Carmen." One of the "Three." Usually found in the library or wherever there is a piano. A very conscientious worker, but always ready for fun.

BESSIE HJORTH, 153 North Walnut Ave.

A teacher ever since she came—

Teaching people to pronounce her name.

ETHEL HOGAN, 6625 La Fayette Ave.

Ethel Hogan has been the belle of society ever since her arrival here. We need not say anything about her feelings toward the opposite sex, or their feelings toward her, as those are well known. Her daily noon time duty, pickles and candy; her favorite pastimes, standing in the halls and editing "Bang."

KATHRYN HURLEY, 3638 Fifth Ave.

She has many charms of mind and body; but, best of all, she is a staunch, true friend. Her hobby is art.

NORMA JENSEN, 3936 North Ridgeway Ave.

At first we decided that chemistry was Norma's favorite study, and then we said it was art. Since then, we have changed our minds so often that we've decided to say practicing. Long ago, in high school days she was a master hand at breaking track team records. What might have happened had we a track at Normal!

MAGDA JENSEN, 3936 North Ridgeway Ave.

Without a doubt, Magda excels in history. She has actually been known to walk out of Room 310 flaunting "exam" papers marked *one hundred*. That would be the acme of success to most of us. We are waiting with bated breath the editing of "Jensen's History of Time."

ESTHER JOHNSON, 5705 Peoria St.

Why is Esther carrying all those books? Is she starting a circulating library? Oh! no—she is preparing her history topic. If you wish to know anything that happened from the time of the flood, ask her. She probably has a reference to it in one of her "topics."

LILLIE JOHNSON, 4130 North Harding Ave.

Lillie is another of those very studious, very sweet, and very pretty little girls. From all the commotion she makes, you'd never know she was around, but when you do see her, she is well worth your observation.

LAVINIA JORDON, 11455 Watt Ave.

Lavinia likes to walk, talk, and sing. (We are basing our statements on observation.) However, she does not attempt to do more than two of them at once. Hence we allow her to enjoy herself in peace—mostly always.

MARGARET KEARNEY, 4226 Wentworth Ave.

When Margaret is around, two senses of her friends are invariably stimulated: auditory and visual—the former in no small degree. Yet, Margaret dear, we love you much, for you talk well, tho long.

ELLA KELLY, 2912 Lowe Ave.

No doubt, you have heard how well Ella Kelly can recite in history without having studied all night. She is just such a marvel in psychology, chemistry, etc.

ELEANOR KELLOGG, 537 East 46th Place.

Yes, best beloved, this is "Ye Ed" who has scored us so many times in the pages of the Weekly. However, every great person has his weakness; her weakness consists of pickles and ice cream.

CHARLOTTE KRAUSE, 1952 Seminary Ave.

Another mathematics student. A chum of a certain pink-haired young lady about the same size as she is. Once upon a time was Rip Van Winkle's son. Helped to write the play, too.

MIRIAM LARK, 2145 Alice Place.

Education and its problems is her hobby. It is a common sight to see Miriam coming down the hall with a huge book on Education. She even takes a private course after school. We wonder why!

HAZEL LARSEN, 1723 North Hancock Ave.

Hazel Larsen is another education fiend in our midst. She likes to skate, as can be proved by a glance into her locker. Hazel's pet charity is the Elective Music Class.

FLORENCE LYNN, 7432 Bond Ave.

Ask Florence to sing "Um-ha-ha" and "If You're Sincere" for you. As future teachers—well, never mind, Florence; but we shouldn't sing things that are funny.

ISABELLE LYONS, 7831 S. May St.

Isabelle is the exception to the general statement that looks are deceiving. She is as sweet and refined looking as she is tall, and bears out in character every desirable quality suggested in feature.

MARY MCAULIFFE, 5117 Center Ave.

From observation, we judge that Mary's chief ambition is to grow tall and handsome (or handsome) and yet remain as slender as the twigs she loves. We take great pride in her broad view of nature.

LORETTA MCCARTHY, 538 32d St.

A demure maid is Loretta McCarthy, And happy-go lucky is she. She loves textiles best And can die with a zest, This petite miss, Loretta McCarthy.

LEONA McCONKEY, 1661 North Mozart St.

Another Tuleyite. Very quiet, but in all the fun. So full of school spirit that she lost her voice rooting for the baseball team.

LORETTA McCOY, 34 East 118th Pl.

Textiles, textiles, this I know,
For my pocket tells me so;
Money take for this and that—
Oh, it leaves your purse so flat!

ISABELLE McDONELL, 7143 Carpenter St.

Isabelle has a lurking fear that she has grown masculine since her arrival at Normal—Normal where masculinity is only a dot. She assures us that "leading" in round dances is a bad habit.

MARY McDONOUGH, 6418 Drexel Ave.

Chemistry specialist. Personally acquainted with all the powders (I mean soap powders) on the market. Favorite teacher? Prompt attendant at the Milk Lectures.

SADIE McELLIGOTT, 5923 Indiana Ave.

Sadie is the mainstay of whatever field of activity she enters. The Weekly, the Emblem, the Yellow journalists and the elective class in psychology, all will miss her sadly. We predict a long life and a happy one for Sadie.

EDNA McFARLAND, 2537 Warren Ave.

Very quiet and unobtrusive is Edna, preferring always to remain in the background but compelled to occupy the foreground when the roll of honor is read.

FRANCES McGINNIS, 4014 Armour Ave.

A loyal, sweet girl who is a powerful aid in the minds of strife. Her friends are constantly given choice bits of information which arise from that paragon of virtues, "Charley."

MARY McGRATH, 48 West 71st St.

Very practical with common sense. Chatters incessantly. Mr. Ashley's rival in psychology (?) Owner of the class dress.

LORETTA McINTYRE, 837 Oakley Blvd.

If you see a girl in a gray dress, you'll know it's Loretta—or at least, if you see Loretta, she will have on a gray dress. Sings in the Glee Club. Rather quiet, during school hours.

EVELYN McKAY, 734 Belden Ave.

Favorite Expression—"I have to catch the 2:07." The class wit. Sure cure for the blues.

FLORENCE McNICHOLS, 4042 Washington Blvd.

A look—a nod—and "Ha-Ha" she goes. Often caught borrowing paste from neighboring practice students who haven't any to lend.

HELEN McNULTY, 8903 Mackinaw Ave.

Bright girl from South Chicago. Quite a demonstrator in Household Science.

ESTHER MADSEN, 1652 North Kimball Ave.

The astronomer, the grammarian, the mathematician and the artistic bookbinder. A bright, shining star in every class. 'Nough said!

GRACE MANTON, 4536 Linden Ave.

Grace is Lillie's shadow and shares many of her qualifications. We judge further comment on Grace's attractions superfluous.

MARGARET MARTIN, 4157 Eddy St.

A girl pleasing to look upon, pleasing to talk to, and more pleasing to live with. Kept bachelor maids apartments this winter. Proud of Jefferson but more proud of Normal.

AGNES MATIMORE, 730 West 51st St.

We appreciate Agnes, because of the scarcity of artists of her type at Normal. She is an attentive, sympathetic and willing listener, and consequently in great demand in all crises—assignments and "things like that."

FRANCES MITCHELL, 544 East 43rd St.

Frances is the guiding star of all S. D. C.-ers and our chief dramatic shark. She is an enthusiastic devotee of certain yellow journals floating hereabouts, and of Paw Paw.

CORNELIA MORELAND, 3721 Wilton Ave.

She believes in the policy, "laugh, and the world laughs with you," and she has reason for her belief because few can withstand her infectious laugh.

MILDRED MOORE, 516 East 46th Place.

Mildred is very proud of the fact that she came from the country, and she still has an extensive correspondence with certain individuals in that region. Her specialty is dancing—with keen high school students—

ANNE MUELLER, 6536 Perry Ave.

Anne Mueller's chief trouble is being "six feet tall and handsome." She is bright, as evidenced by her performance in Mr. Fairbank's Glee Club and the numerous committees she adorns. Her pet sin is writing love poems.

MARTHA MULLENBACH, 456 Belden Ave.

"Unser liebe schwester." Martha has lately become the manager of one of the most famous baseball teams in Chicago. Ask at the Carter School for further particulars. Also, she is faintly absorbed in manual training. Queer what tastes some people have.

ANNA MULLOY, 4615 Union Ave.

Anna regards all her friends as Ivory Worshipers, and very kindly exhibits a charming "set of ivories" on the least provocation.

MILDRED MUNDT, 1656 Chicago Rd., Chicago Heights.

Oh! Mickey was Dutch and behaved as such. How she ever got her nickname with her foregoing qualifications passes our comprehension, but anyway, she did. Mickey loves to orally express, but her pet partiality is medical students.

VERA MURPHY, 3733 Grand Ave.

If you want a hat made, go to Vera. If you want to know anything about Carbohydrates, ask Vera. If you wish to hear a song—listen to Vera.

HELEN NEEDLER, 1227 Greenwood Ter.

"Art for Art's sake" is her motto. If she were wise, she would use herself for a model; she could find none prettier.

LILLIAN NELSON, 231 58th St.

Lillian is a nice child, but a little fond of red-headed masculinity and nickel sundaes. As a future teacher, Lillian, it is remarkable!! Well! Well!

HARRIET NELSON, 1440 North 42d St.

Most cosmopolitan is Harriet. She made a dashing Cossack last Field Day, a gentle court lady of late at dances, and was hailed as "Doctor" by a horde of adoring Tonies and Mikes, whose class she taught to save life and limb.

GENEVIEVE O'CONNELL, 4648 Halsted St.

Genevieve is our class cherub, the original one. Especially in Education do her seraphic qualities shine out. Gen judges the kindergarten a better sphere for the action of her mighty brain than a mere grade room. We wish her joy.

JOSEPHINE OGDEN, 7116 Leavitt St.

The day was a fortunate one for Normal when Jo Ogden arrived. Never was there so conscientious a secretary or honest a treasurer. In short, a lively, up-to-date, young miss, who's into everything that's going.

EMMA OLSON, 2042 Potomac Ave.

She has delved deep in geography
And done her best in history,
But yet we know
Why we love her so—
She thinkest of people before study.

MABEL OOSTERBEEK, 6745 S. Halsted St.

It's strange, isn't it, that light-haired people always travel together unless practice teaching or a change of program separates them?

ALICE O'SULLIVAN, 2922, 97th St.

Alice is an oral expression shark, who romps through a fairy tale as gleefully as most of us do through this sort of thing. She is otherwise a quiet young person.

HESTER PAUL, 699 Maple Ave., Blue Island.

Hester's early days at Normal were wrought with fear and trembling, and when she did give utterance to an opinion it was, "O, I hate it!" But lo! former things have passed away. Hester now enjoys life to the brim.

MARIE PHELAN, 2744 Haddon Ave.

Marie just loves Education. You know, in that class it's so cold, you've got to shiver, and people think you are not interested in the subject. But we are though, aren't we, Marie?

ROSALIE PRITZLAFF, 1847 Sedgwick St.

Tall, dark, dignified, demure, Rosalie is one of the immortal four. She is a cheerful young person, from all appearances, and fond of zoölogy, especially bears.

JENNIE RANKIN, 4907 Ontario St.

Blessed be those feasts! Jennie was a scream at the S. D. C. initiation. We positively didn't know she had it in her, for at other times she is nice and quiet (?) with a mischievous twinkle in her eye.

TERESA RATCH, 2510 Lexington St.

"Ha, what have we here, by all the gods, a br'—"
Just a minute; it's a bit too soon. Anyway, she is always beloved by us for her smile, not to speak of her dimples.

SUSIE REDHOUSE, 456 West 103d St.

"For the teacher, dignity is an indispensable attribute."

GERTRUDE REICHMAN, 7830 Sedgwick St.

If Gertrude received a small copper coin for each smile she flashes, we would be congratulating her on her rapidly increasing wealth. As it is, we appreciate the smiles and give our best one in return.

HELEN REINDL, 2618 South 40th Ave.

The large girl with the large voice. We are glad to know Helen here at Normal, because some day later we shall be proud to know her as an opera star.

LOUISE RITTER, 2720 Wilcox Ave.

Sad fate—hers. Doomed to die an old maid. Together with our hearty sympathies and sad congratulations, we will shower her with butter plates.

ROBY ROBERTS, 6334 Cottage Grove Ave.

Roby—well, these few lines are quite inadequate to enumerate her achievements in the dramatic, literary, artistic and musical lines, and the gentle art of holding hands. Roby loves vines and cases and picnics and all other things that are so perilous to single school-marms.

NELLIE ROBERTSON, 1251 N. Claremont Ave.

Always ready with a suggestion—always ready to help one along. Her charms are in her smile. Beware of that smile!

PAULINE ROSAIRE, 1329 North Hamlin Ave.

Well known as editor, and S. D. C. "business executor." Famous in high school for her essays, poems and Laura Jean Libbey department which she conducted, probably for the sake of getting literary material. Contemplated grand opera, but has been thus far contented with the Senior and Junior Glee Club.

ROSE ROONEY, 8922 Buffalo Ave.

Bookbinding is Rose's passion. Early and late we find her at her favorite hobby in her favorite room. Even lunch hour is grudged. Yet never does she seem to tire of Industrial Art.

BERTHA ROSENTHAL, 1627 N. Claremont Ave.

Great talker—great actor—great girl. Applied for position of gym. teacher of Normal.

ROLLA ROSENTHAL, 2034 Peterson St.

Northwest Sider—daily support and faithful defender of the Halsted street-car line. Hours from 8 A. M. to 12 P. M.

CLARA RYAN, 2107 South Turner Ave.

If you see a little blonde girl coming along, followed by a cloud of dust, you'll know that's Clara; up to some mischief or other. Clara is a good scout, so we'd better not say anything more about her.

JULIET RYAN, 3513 Sheffield Ave.

Poor little Juliet has been on a still hunt for Romeo ever since her advent into this world. We prophesy she will not be long in finding him.

ELIZABETH SCARRY, 5707 Emerald Ave.

So quiet is Elizabeth that only an acute observer is aware of her presence. Her name doesn't head the list of bluffers or failures, however, for though exceedingly modest, Elizabeth is able and conscientious.

ELSA SCHEERER, 5227 Magnolia Ave.

Our "modest violet." We cannot begin to extol her accomplishments, first because she will not let us, and second because there isn't room. She is especially devoted to Pallas Athene, which probably accounts for her wisdom. We may sum it all up in saying that she has kept her place in the hearts of all who knew her.

LILLIAN SCHLUETTER, 2248 Lushe St.
Born a few years ago, spent most of her time since then in the "land ob cotten." Graduate of Lake View. Through her general efficiency has already been assigned as a private instructor in household economy, the term beginning some time in July. Noted for rosy cheeks and general good nature. One of the "three."

ANNETTA SCHMIDT, 2423 Seminary Ave.

Although she's not of the raving type, Annetta has an artist's soul.

SUSAN SCULLY, 646 W. 61st Place.

Susan had better bring her age certificate when she starts teaching in September, as the principals might have their doubts.

MARY SHEAHAN, 5648 Throop St.

We found it unsafe to go by appearances and put Mary in the category of persons "seen but not heard." She can be heard very much on certain occasions.

MARGARET SHIELDS, 5652 Princeton Ave.

Margaret Shields is another young person—a "rara avis" in our domicile here. She is quiet unless she rises in wrath and resents being called "rara avis." You probably won't hear any commotion in her direction.

JOSEPH B. SHINE, 722 Englewood Ave.

For a long time (?) he has been pleasing the world with his brilliant and illuminating speeches. A veritable William Jennings. If he isn't gray-headed by the time this book is out it won't be the fault of the contributors.

EDNA SHORT, 4012 West Polk St.

All Edna Short ever accomplished was the making of that red-flower-covered hat. Even if you don't know Edna, you must know the hat! Like all the rest of Edna's achievements, it is wonderful.

NETTIE SIEBENELER, 915 Dakin St.

She can work perfect wonders with her camera. If you ever feel "out of sorts," just ask to see some of her photographs of woods and fields and flowers. Not only does she deal in pictures of them, but in the real articles as well. She made rooms 1 and 2 of the Harrison School bloom like a conservatory.

ELSIE SIMPSON, 6741 Emerald Ave.

A student in every sense of the word! We have not as yet discovered any pet hobbies, but she has plenty of books and plenty of work to do.

MAE SKOBIS, 2336 South Kedzie Ave.

Oh! she dances such a way
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight.

MABEL STEWART, 4424 Union Ave.

She was never absent a day from school until she contracted a severe case of mumps. We regret her swollen face.

MINNIE STROSCHE, 1634 Addison St.

Minnie is our milk shark. She drinks several pounds of milk a day in an effort to accumulate a few ounces of avoidupois, but so far she has not been very successful.

HAZEL STILLMAN, 4714 Champlain Ave.

A girl who has delved deeply into ancient lore, yet has found time to play. But, to quote her own words, she never does anything.

MARY SOUKUP, 2330 Millard Ave.

Mary Soukup, a student deep,
Possesses knowledge, heap upon heap.
Yet for all this, you know
That we love her so
Her leaving shall make us all weep.

MABEL A. SULLIVAN, 4823 Kenmore Ave.

Mabel enjoys directing a song for Mr. Fairbank more than anything. Ask her, if you don't believe us. She's famous in the S. D. C., as her words will go down to future club members (in the minutes of the meeting).

ANNA SWANSON, 6805 Langley Ave.

Anna Swanson is the most unobtrusive person imaginable, and bright as those people usually are. We think she will make an excellent teacher, and wish her luck.

CATHERINE TAHENY, 6859 S. Western Ave.

Is she not a bonny lassie? Even if we do see her jumping off the car slipperless, in her haste to make second hour in time, we love her just the same. Courage, Kitty, you'll get there next time—maybe.

MYRTLE TAYLOR, 2752 Park Ave.

We are indeed very proud to know Myrtle. When we know Myrtle is going to sing, we are always right there.

RUTH TREVETT, 3124 Lowe Ave.

We hear from all sides that Ruthie is a "good scout." Its awful to have a reputation like that to uphold, and we only hope she won't get gray-headed trying to do so.

MAYLOU VON GOENS, 1973 N. Rockwell Ave.

Noted for efficiency as club president. Adept at introducing college professors, famous artists, etc. Future instructor of psychology.

BEATRICE VAN WAGNER, 3813 Forest Ave.

Beatrice is a very dignified appearing young person, but, you know, still waters run deep. We don't know any particular scandal about her, but judging from the flirtations of Frances, with high school pupils. (Note—Frances is her best friend.)

CLARA WALD, 1739 Greenwood Ave.

Clara has had her troubles—once in the shape of a country school, but we hope she has recovered from all her worries, for Normal is a panacea for all.

HELEN WALL, 4235 Fifth Ave.

We strongly suspect that Helen has found the secret of Eternal Youth and is selfishly guarding it. We know that she has not grown older in two years and we verily believe she will never grow old.

CATHERINE WALSH, 1105 West Garfield Blvd.

Catherine Walsh has a persuasive manner to say the least. We are judging by the tons of subscriptions for the school book she brought in. Keep up the blarney, Catherine, and don't go out in the sun.

ANNA WARD, 3742 Osgood St.

Anna Ward is not one to waste time in rallery or light-hearted merriment. She is one who says just what she thinks and little cares for consequences. No doubt, Anna will some day figure highly on a suffragette platform.

GENEVIEVE WATSON, 4456 West Wilson Ave.

"My love's like a red, red rose." Ever since the fifth of September, two years ago, she has been captivating the hearts of all of us. Although she is demure and quiet, somehow we always know when she is in the room, and we feel the happier for it.

GRACE WEBBER, 4326 Adams St.

Grace is quite a heart-breaker and if there were more masculine members of the school, we suspect that she would have a long string of scalps. As it is, she manages to keep things stirred up considerably wherever she is, especially on the "L" going home.

JAMES A. WEBER, 2334 Ridgeway Ave.

Takes pictures of anyone for any price, any time. In fact, he's always "taking!" Isn't it so, girls? We predict that he will be a rival to Sykes.

JULIANNA WILD, 3739 Wabash Ave.

The young whirlwind, who can raise a bigger rumpus out of nothing (on the stage, of course) than any one we ever saw. She is the celebrated veteran of two S. D. C. plays and the greatest comedian of the age.

MARIE WRIGHT, 2225 Burlington St.

She always smiles, always has a cheery word, a clever quip, and her eyes are forever a-twinkle, like a mischievous boy's—yes, that's Marie. She also has remarkable ability to teach that song, "The Owl and the Pussy Cat."

M. ELIZABETH WATSON, 4456 West Wilson Ave.

A domestic young person, engaged in studying household arts. She has a weakness for tennis and moonlight picnics.

HELEN INGHAM, 244 West 73d St.

Gentleness and modesty have molded this sweet girl. Her hobby is French.

JAMES PICKETT, 823 East 90th St.

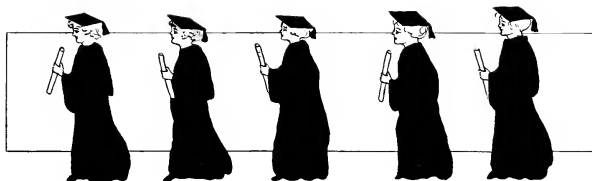
Never was such a stir in C. T. C. as when Mr. Pickett appeared on the scene. Altho he was quiet and retiring, many a young lady began to set her curls straight as soon as he was seen. "Spike."

MRS. SCHROEDER, 6723 North Ashland Ave.

Mrs. Schroeder has been solemnly voted "a dear" by all who know her. She seems to have the secret of eternal youth and boundless knowledge. She is always busy and happy, and we like her heaps.

MRS. MARY BERETON, 6220 Kimbark Ave.

How truly is a kind heart a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity fresher into smiles.



LOWER SENIORS OFFICERS



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Dorothy Weller



Grace Murphy



Elsie Swift



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Catherine Kelly



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Ellen Lundberg



ALICE BARRY



ETHEL GUNNING



ERNESTINE OSBORN



AMY WRIGHT



BEATRICE SCOTT



CHRISTINE THOMSEN



CLARA HARRIS



STELLA SULLIVAN



DELLA KLEIN



ANNA CARNEY



JOSEPHINE LISK



PEARL MCCOY



OLIVE DAVIS



ETHEL FRAZER



MARGARET MOORE



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MARY LUCAS



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MARGARET OLSEN



JENNIE STEWART



ALVA SUNMANKE



GERTRUDE MURRAY



EDNA DENFIELD



FLORENCE LANE



EDNA LIGHT



VERA HOLMNEY



MARY THOMSEN



EVA WATTS

LOWER SENIORS

HELEN ANDERSON

We look at her, and look again; then in amazement ask her age. This sweet response from our youngest comes: "I'm very near sixteen."

ALICE BARRY

If you need a piece of soap, a needle, or a pin, ask Alice Barry for it, as she has everything. If you want a fountain pen, always filled with ink, ask Miss Barry, for she's the Kindergarten handy man.

CLARA BERGENER

If those of us who spend our time in talking would stop and think of Clara, we'd find the gift of listening.

ANNA BERWALD

This haughty maiden, stately, doth our attention hold, for hath she not in dramatics won hearts of heroes, brave and bold?

RUTH BOCK

No weight of the universe upon these young shoulders doth rest, for Ruth is always happy and jolly. In fact, she is one of our best.

EDNA BONFIELD

"Dancing" is Edna's middle name. To a casual observer it would seem she danced because she liked to; but no, she does it to develop her muscles and to prevent a nervous breakdown.

MARY BULLEN

"Mary, Mary, quite contrary, how does your garden grow?" Mary says that she doesn't know, and never will, for of Nature Study she has had her fill.

MRS. ELIZABETH BOHMAN

Information, education! Facts and theories clash:
Argumentation is vexation; theories go to smash.

MRS. CLARA M. BROWN

A lady small is Mrs. Brown; she once taught school in our town.
Authority on babies small, and e'en on husbands too,
With theories on each and all; I like her well — don't you?

ANNA CARNEY

Anna reminds one of a glimmer of light, for she is never downhearted, and always has a pleasant smile and a cheerful word for everyone.

ANNA CHRIMES

She dances and she dances, with a merry face and a twinkling eye. If her standing, I were asked, "She is our little coquette," I'd reply.

GRACE CULLINAN

This dainty maiden, timid, in art doth truly shine, for hath she not made numerous designs including an emblem, the pine?

ETHEL CUMMING

Ethel plays an important part in the Debating Club, and although she debates very earnestly, her fate whether good or bad never affects her disposition.

ELSIE DAVIS

Her sparkling eye and rosy cheek, her manner modest, mild and meek, all these, "Miss Maywood's" knowledge of the world bespeak.

GEWNDOLYN DAVIS

Gwendolyn very seldom speaks much above a whisper, and is timid and sweet, but beloved by all.

OLIVE DAVIS

Broad grin; lady small; Olive Davis — that's all.

BERTHA ESPEN

A very determined miss who has decided suffrage for women would mar all bliss, but that Normal minus "Math." would be worse than this.

HARRIET FLANDERS

After graduating, she desired a crown of laurel, so back she came to be a "deaf oral."

HARRIET FLEMING

If you've ever heard the ring of silver, if you've ever heard a quarter fall, you know what happens when Harriet, our bonny treasurer, meets a "back pay" in the hall.

ETHEL FRALEY

Reciting clever poems is her lot, and ne'er a word and ne'er a thought forgot.

DOROTHY GEILER

Public speaking, for the greater part, is to her a wholesome art.

DAVID GIBBONS

This blushing lad, the only one of all the class, is fearful of every lass, for round him press the girls in crowd and flocks, to see poor David of the golden locks.

FERNE GILDERSLEVE

When singing, far spread is her fame; in cooking and sewing 'tis just the same, so what's to prevent her from changing her name?

LORETTA GRIFFIN

A "griffin" only in name, for meek and modest she is just the same.

RUTH HANTZ

Ruth certainly can talk. Those who have heard her will agree that she follows close upon Ema White's heels, when it comes to extemporaneous speeches.

LILLIAN HOWARD

Black hair has she, and eyes the same. Seldom she speaks: Howard her name.

BERTHA KARELLA

"Home is where the heart is," so runs an ancient song. But modern Bertha does deny this, as her leases do not last so very long.

CLARA KLAAS

Where in geography the great Northwest she expounded, an army of emigrants almost she'd founded; but she settled and reigned o'er the third floor east, and exodus from the great conclave ceased.

BELLE KLEIN

"Kleinmadchen" is now her name, gained through her smallness and her fame for taking things in the lighter vein.

ELLA KELLY

Ella Kelly's a "Household Arts" lass, nearly always at the head of her class. The things she can do, would much surprise you, especially in "chemistry" class.

KATHRINE KELLY

This young lady is no relation to Ella, but with her jolly ways we wish her a good time the rest of her days.

FLORENCE LANE

Florence is a pretty lass, who in lessons hopes to pass. She gives her time to dancing gay, but always dislikes "Motherplay."

EDNA LICHT

An orator fit for every clime. Her topic, "baseball, all the time."

ELLEN LINQUIST

Grave Ellen. But full of fun in spite of her serious mien. An artistic dancer too.

JOSEPHINE LISKA

A conscientious lass who in physiology class doth talk much and well on "Dental Sanitation."

MARY LUCAS

This young lady so fond of her books quietly resides in the library nooks.

MABEL LUNDQUIST

Our dear friend, Mabel Lundquist has beautiful curls, I insist. We know she is wise, for just look at her eyes, this charming and friendly young miss.

AGNES McMAHON

Miss McMahon has a college degree. That is bad enough, you'll all agree. But her greatest fault in class, you'll see; she insists upon talking incessantly.

ANNE MALLOY

Our rosy cheeked Anne Malloy is always enchanting and coy; but if she fell off a boat I am sure she'd float, and never e'en look for a b(u)oy.

VERA MALONEY

The biggest thing about this lady is her name. Vera is always singing the latest tunes, and showing us just how they danced in the last play she saw.

LAURA MENCL

Of all the different classes, at all the different hours, the one that Laura always picks is that called "Mathematics."

PEARL MCCOY

If information's wanted about a fresh-air school; dramatization of a book or hygienic rule; the managing of instincts in lively girl or boy; you need to seek no further than little Miss McCoy.

ROSE MICHAELIS

Her speech comes fast; her thoughts come faster. "Math," and science especially please her.

MARGARET MOORE

Firm adherent of the musical art, ever willing, capable of doing her part.

GRACE MURPHY

We bow before you, O Master of the Art of Palmer Method. Grace certainly does not have to worry about her writing. In fact, we don't think she needs to worry about anything.

GERTRUDE MURPHY

Black-eyed Gertrude Murphy is a worker with a will; always ready for a jaunt and never wants to kill harmless bugs and angle worms in black dirt or sand; Irish wit and Irish grit should go hand in hand.

FLORENCE NEWELL

For our president three cheers! To our mathematician lend your ears; she'll make her name in the future near; and for that prediction never fear.

ELLA O'KEEFE

Ella — the story writer. O, such good stories! The one bane of her existence, though, is to get to school on the right side of nine o'clock.

ERNESTINE OLDHAM

In literature she's gifted; Shakespearean "to the core," this lady with "the gentle voice and low."

ERNA OLSCHNER

This is our young widow fair, but with her pretty face and stately mien, I fear she'll not long so remain.

JENNIE OLSON

Jennie is dignified and quiet. She seems to know what interests children (due to Education), for she is ever ready to tell us how to hold their attention.

MARGARET O'MEARA

Here is another maiden who is proficient in the pushes and pulls of "Palmer." Not only can she write, but she can also sing, although we do not hear her often.

OLIVE PETERSON

So quiet — yet how much life is under that exterior.

OLIVE RENAUD

Whoever thinks of her and doesn't say "little Olive?" She loves to make speeches, especially history topics; and she loves music, too.

CHRISTINE RHENSTROM

Christine is our poet. She also speaks others' poems; modest Christine! Who knows but she'll be a poet laureate some day?

MARY RIORDAN

Very reticent, but her work speaks for her.

ROSE SABBATH

Artistic is she and a lover of physiology. The best course in the school, however, she says is history.

MONA SAYLE

Mona Sayle is a maiden fair; with her coronet of brown hair; though she takes "Household Arts," we're afraid Cupid's darts will capture her; "Mona, beware!"

RUTH SCHAEFER

"Left eyebrow raise in two counts." Supposin' this were her only accomplishment, but it isn't. All who have seen Ruth dance "The Heart of the Rose" will never forget it nor her.

ALMA SCHWANKE

Alma, she with the three brothers, simply will not put sufficient study on history. To think of looking up every topic in only five different books!!!

HAZEL SCHLUMBRACHT

Another physiology fiend, who thinks it best for her muscular system that she dance. And in order that others may also take the exercise, she goes through appropriate finger movements on the piano.

BEATRICE SCOTT

A jolly little personage, this "Scotti," you would find, if perchance you were of the same mind. But woe betide! What terrifying rage is that when someone mentions "The Owl and the Pussycat?"

MARION SCOTT

Hail to our student of literature! Marion is particularly fond of English, and at some time in the near future we shall be using "Scott's Course in Elementary English."

VICTORIA SEABURG

Versatile? The Dancing Club, Glee Club, and S. D. C. all claim this lassie.

JEANNIE STEWART

Story hours is when we see Jeannie Stewart as she "be," camels tall and "Tabby Grays"; fairy folk with mystic lays; all come visiting our class; for this merry, merry lass.

STELLA SULLIVAN

One of the first things we heard about Stella was that she could sing. The next thing was that she liked Psychology, and now we see our "little Stella" as president of the Cui Bono Club.

ELSIE SWIFT

Art has captured Elsie's heart; so "swift" her use of brush and pencil; wood carving, weaving and the stencil.

RHEA TYLER

A student, she, with college degree. Her name is Tyler; Math-shark, I'll style her.

MARY WALKER

When working hard on stiff committees; telling tales or writing ditties; be sure to go to Mary Walker; she will gladly be the talker.

EMA WHITE

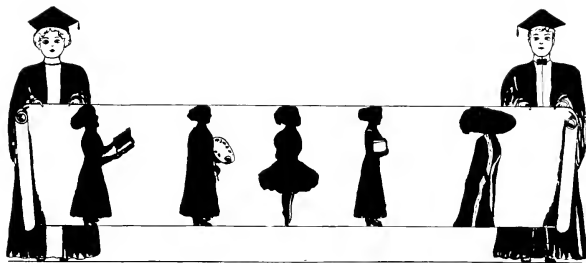
Ema certainly needs something to liven her up; for instance, if we could get her to talk or laugh once in a while. As it is she thinks of nothing but instincts and color schemes.

AMY WRIGHT

That she so well in Room 200 did recite is this young lady's chief delight.

BETTY WILLIAMS

Believe me! Our Miss Williams is a Southern lady true; she's very, very quiet; dignified and charming, too.



Dream Fugue of a Lower Senior

With a patronizing air, the Lower Senior entered the rest room, glanced at the humble junior inhabitant, and seated herself upon the couch. From the fathomless depths of her pocketbook, she extracted an infinitesimal mirror, gazed with satisfaction at her wondrous coiffure, and leaned back luxuriously on the only pillow in the room.

Unbidden, the unsophisticated junior attempted to tell of all the trials and tribulations that she suffered in her various classes, and ventured as a final remark, "Have — have you a study hour?"

The Lower Senior removed her contemplative glance from the ceiling, glared, and answered haughtily, "No! History! But I despise it, and I'll never get assigned in it, so what's the use? Anyway, when one reaches my state of intellectuality, close application to work is entirely unnecessary." Then murmuring something about the noise and scene of carnage in the adjoining penmanship room, she yawned sleepily, and turned her back upon the offender.

* * * * *

PART I

Boundless, never ending, extending as far as eye could reach, stretched the plain. Bathed in a sickly green light, its mudholes, filled with murky water, winked and blinked like wicked eyes at the shivering Lower Senior who stood in the midst of the vast expanse. A crooning wind, heavy with damp, crept round her; the plain grew dark, and black clouds like witches' fingers clutched the sky.

Suddenly, with the rush of a torpedo, a long snake-like train of objects hurtled itself towards her and crashed into a waterhole. As she jumped nimbly to one side, there was just time to see that it was made up of a crazy jumble of street cars, elevated trains, and steam cars, before it disappeared.

Gasping, she looked wildly around for help, and shuddered as a tall gaunt figure draped in white appeared in the dim light. With a bony forefinger, it beckoned and she followed. As she stumbled along in the wake of the mysterious figure, distant groans smote the air. Louder and louder they grew, still louder, until they rang in her ears with horrible clearness.

Before her were a series of green vats filled with steaming water, and queer little creatures with bulbous heads and hair that looked suspiciously like young corn danced gleefully around, chuckling fiendishly to themselves. With trowels and pitchforks they lifted their moaning victims from the ground, and hurled them into the vats. High on a fork, she beheld the unsophisticated one, a battered wreck while the strange little crowd shouted a ghastly ditty, "A window-garden brown! A window-garden brown! Self-watering! Self-watering! Let them drown! Let them drown."

Half-fainting at the horrible sight, the Lower Senior turned away and trudged on, glancing fearfully from side to side, while ever before her stalked the white-robed figure. Here were tired-looking girls tracing the map of the world in quicksand; here, round-shouldered wretches attempting to add long columns of figures in the mud, or laboriously carrying stone numbers from one place to another in the vain hope of "casting out the nines"; here, hollow-eyed wraiths stenciling designs on water, or murmuring passages from "The Odyssey," while from out of the surrounding darkness a voice called, "Let us vocalize a little," and mournful howls filled the air.

On the brink of a black chasm the white figure stopped its relentless march, and said to the shrinking, cowering Lower Senior, in a dead, colorless voice, "A victim to those tortures you have seen you could not be, but your end has come, for you have adenoids,

decaying teeth, tuberculosis, spinal curvature, flat feet, and nervous prostration, so down, down — down."

Into the yawning abyss the Senior slipped, as she shrieked despairingly, "Who are you?"

Far, far above, diabolical laughter mingled with the rattling of bones, and a hollow voice answered, "Your 'Human Mechanism.'"

PART II

Through a long, tortuous passage the Lower Senior crept on hands and knees. Musty cobwebs brushed her face, and things that crawled scurried away at her approach, while the dark air left clammy drops on her forehead. Glimmering and flickering, a tiny bar of light far down the passage-way inspired her to fresh efforts, and, growing stronger, revealed a door.

Struggling to her feet, she peered into a room of endless tables, tables filled with dishes and tables without; tables, tables everywhere. Not a living spark of protoplasm was to be seen, but from all sides came a terrifying din and banging, a deafening clatter and pounding, a hideous nightmare of sound. The Senior clapped her hands to her ears, for never had she heard such a munching, such a crunching, such a lurching!

When the noise ceased, she entered timidly, for out from the tables had appeared a merry little band of elves. One waved a baked bean; another brandished a potato, while still another flourished a pickle. Joining hands, they circled to the right, then to the left, as they chanted the lunch room menu. The dirge ended, and they vanished.

As the last notes faded away, an ugly little gnome, dressed in resplendent tinpan armor, a soup bowl on his head, banana pie in one hand and a carving knife in the other, came into view. With a flourish that would have done credit to the "Senior Dancing Club," he bowed to the surrounding atomosphere and did the "Heart of the Rose" with his pie.

However, catching sight of the hapless Senior he scowled ferociously and came towards her. Stealthily, he parried the air with his knife and asked in a husky whisper the date of the French and Indian Wars. Trembling and rooted to the spot, the Lower Senior helplessly shook her head, but failed to articulate. Closer and closer he crept, as he murmured, "Give the activities of children."

Then, with a wild gleam in his eyes, he babbled idiotically to himself, "What is an instinct? What is an instinct?" and lifting his shining knife high overhead, stabbed the luckless Senior. Even as she felt the warm life-blood trickle over her hands and before oblivion came, she wondered dimly if William Harvey were the famous discoverer of the blood circulation.

* * * * *

Gasping and choking, the Lower Senior sat upright, only to stare at one of her boon companions, with hair à la Cleopatra, who was engaged in the gentle occupation of sprinkling water from a drinking cup on her hands.

"Thought you never were going to wake up," vouchsafed the second edition of the Egyptian princess. "Heard the news?"

"What news?" sputtered the Lower Senior, blinking stupidly.

"Assignments are out."

"What!" exploded the Lower Senior in a voice of thunder, that sent the meek little junior scurrying out into the hall. "What did I get?"

"History."

And with a groan, the Lower Senior said mournfully, "That dream did it."

EMA WHITE.



UPPER JUNIOR CLASS—I



UPPER JUNIOR CLASS II

UPPER JUNIORS

Class Roll

UPPER JUNIORS, 1912

AAGAARD, MARGUERITE	DALY, CATHERINE	HICKEY, LORETTA
AHERN, MARGARET	DAVIS, JEANETTE	HIRONS, IRENE
ALLISON, ESTHER	DAY, NELLIE	HOOKANSON, ELLEN
ALMBALD, ELIN	DEEGAN, IRENE	HOWE, HELEN
ANDERSON, ANNA	DILLON, HANNAH	JAMES, LOUISE
AUSTERNMANN, RACHEL	DONAHUE, MARION	JENSEN, DAGMAR
BABCOCK, RUTH	DOOLING, FLORENCE	JOHNSON, BIRDIE M.
BARTLETT, RUBY	DOWNS, MARIE	JOHNSON, FRANCES E.
BASTIN, OLIVE	DUFFY, LORETTA	JOHNSTON, FRANCES E.
BERTOLOTTI, MARY	EDWARDS, RHODA	KARPOWICZ, ELLA
BILHORN, XENIA	EGAN, ANNIE	KELLY, CATHERINE
BIRENHOLTZ, REBECCA	FALLAHEY, GLADYS	KEATING, MARY
BIRMINGHAM, MABLE	FANNING, HELEN	KENDALL, EDITH
BLOMBERG, ETHEL	FEELY, MARGARET A.	KERWIN, GENEVIEVE
BORGWARDT, HATTIE	FITCH, CLARA L.	KIRWAN, MARY
BRADY, KATHERINE	FITCH, EDITH M.	KIRK, JESSIE
BRANICK, ALICE	FITZPATRICK, MADOLYN	KLEISNER, JOSEPHINE
BROPHY, RUTH	FOWLER, STELLA	KOIER, GRACE
BUCKLEY, ALICE	FRALICK, ELIZABETH	KRIEG, IRMA
BUCKLEY, CECELIA	FRAHM, HELEN	LARRIEU, ELSA
BUSCHER, IRMA	FREMONT, IRMA	LAUGHLIN, AGNES
BURNES, PHILIP	GALLAGHER, ROSE	LAWLER, MILDRED
CAROLIN, MARY	GEORGESON, NELLIE	LAWSON, MIGNON
CAVANAUGH, COILA	GLEESON, AGNES	LELLMAN, GENEVIEVE
CHANTRILL, STELLA	GLOMSKI, HYACINTHIA	LEWIS, DOROTHY
CLARKE, MARJORY	GOTTLIEB, IRMA	LEYDEN, GERTRUDE
COLLINS, ELEANOR	GRADY, BLANCHE	LEYDEN, JOHN
COLLINS, MARY	GRANT, DOROTHY	LOYE, ISABEL
CONDON, ISABEL	GRAYDON, RUTH	McAULEY, HELEN
CONNOR, MARY	GUILFOYLE, HEDEN	McCANN, JULIA
COPELAND, MARIE	HAGEN, INGA	McCARTHY, FANNIE
COYLE, IRENE	HAEFFNER, ROSE	MacDONALD, JOSEPHINE
CREIGHTON, HELEN	HAGERTY, JOSEPHINE	McDONNELL, CECELIA
CROXIN, MARY	HAMILTON, ELVA	McGEEVER, JESSIE
CROWALL, RUTH	HANSON, ALYDA	McGRATH, JULIA
CUMMINGS, HELEN	HAYES, ETHEL M.	McGUIRE, MARIE
CUNNINGHAM, MAE	HEATH, HELEN	McHALE, MARY
CURRAN, FRANCES	HENELEY, IRENE	McMAHON, MARGUERITE
CURRY, HAZEL	HENNEBERRY, ESTHER	McSWEEN, ANGELA

MADDEN, AGNES	O'REILLY, MARGARET	RYAN, MADELINE
MAGILNER, CLARA	O'SHAUGHNESSY, CECILIA	SCHNABLE, HERRIETTE
MALONEY, JANE	OISTED, MABLE	SCHOLL, THERESA
MANSON, BARBARA	OLSEN, LAWRENCE	SCHOLPP, CLARA
MARTIN, ANNA	OLSON, ELLEN	SCOTT, IRENE
MARTIN, MARIE	PALMER, LILY	SHERIDAN, MADELINE
MAYER, LILLIAN	PATTERSON, FRANCES	SHEA, FRANCES
MEANEY, BERNADINE	PEPIN, ZOE MARIE	SHEA, GERTRUDE
MIDDLETON, ALICE	PETERSON, AGNES	SIVYER, DOROTHY
MOLL, ALICE	PHILAN, MARIE	SMILEY, MILDRED
MOORE, KATHLEEN	PITTS, ANNA	SMITH, DOROTHY
MORONEY, RUTH	POLACHECK, RUTH	SNYDER, CHARLOTTE
MULBRANDON, ELIZABETH	RAFFERTY, KATHERINE	STAPELTON, MARY
MURRAY, KATHLEEN	RAFFERTY, ISABEL	STEINKRAUSE, MARGARET
MURTAUGH, MARY	REICHMAN, STELLA	SWENSON, RUTH
MEYERS, FLORENCE	REINHARD, CLARA	TOBIN, TERESA
NIEDERGESAEISS, SELMA	RILEY, MARY	TORGERSON, ESTHER
NIEHOFF, MARIE	RIORDAN, NELLIE	VAN KIEMPEMA, GERTRUDE
NIELSON, CHRISTINE	ROACH, IRENE	VAN LEUNEC, RUTH
O'BRIEN, HANNAH	ROBERTSON, JENNIE	VINCENT, MARJORIE
O'BRIEN, VIRGINIA	ROCHCOFSKY, ANNA	WAALKES, HILDA
O'CONNELL, GERALDINE	ROSAIRE, MRS. JULIA	WALGREN, DOWNIE I.
O'CONNELL, MARY	RUSSEL, MARIE	WATROUS, ESTHER
O'CONNOR, EILEEN	RYAN, CORNELIA	WEIR, ISABEL
O'MALLEY, ANNA	RYAN, FRANCES	WOLFF, EMMA



Goose Girl Jingles

Oh, who is so merry, so merry, heigh ho!
 As the young practice teacher, heigh ho! heigh ho!
 She dances and sings
 When the recess bell rings,
 With a hey, and a heigh, and a ho!

Oh, who is so merry, so airy, heigh ho!
 As the young practice teacher, heigh ho! heigh ho!
 When a car slips the track,
 And her critic's set back,
 With a hey, and a heigh, and a ho!

Oh, who is so merry, so merry, heigh ho!
 As the young practice teacher, heigh ho! heigh ho!
 When a question's propounded,
 And she's not confounded,
 With a hey, and a heigh, and a ho!



LOWER JUNIOR CLASS

LOWER JUNIORS

In January, 1912, thirty-four girls (and not a single boy!) came from seventeen different high schools to the Chicago Teachers College, and were enrolled as Lower Juniors. This Lower Junior class is the first class to enter since the admission requirement was restored from a sixty per cent average to a seventy-five per cent average. Therefore, it is a small and very select class.

At the first class meeting, every member was present, and the class was officially introduced to its advisers, Mr. Hinkle and Miss Bruce. The following officers were elected:

President — HARRIET SCHRADER

Vice-President — LILLIAN O'CONNELL

Secretary — SUSIE MacDONALD

Treasurer — IRENE O'TOOLE

Besides the twenty-five who are taking the Elementary course, five are taking the Household Arts course, and four are taking the Kindergarten course. Although they are few in number, they hope to make their mark in the coming history of the school.

LOWER JUNIOR ROLL

ALTPETER, MABEL G.	HOLMES, ALICE M.	O'CONNELL, LILLIAN M.
BAUMEISTER, NELLIBEL	HURLEY, ETHEL M.	O'KEEFE, JOSEPHINE M.
BLAUERT, ALMA	KELLY, STELLA	OLSON, RUTH C.
BOWER, ELSIE C.	LEVIN, MOLLIE	O'TOOLE, IRENE
BRIODY, MARGARET A.	LONK, AUGUSTA D.	RICHARDS, SARA M.
BROWNE, KATHRYN E.	MacDONALD, SUSAN R.	ROHN, GRACE
CAMANN, ETTA M.	MILLER, ANNA L.	RYAN, JENNIE
ENGBORG, OLGA E.	MOLINE, HELEN G.	SCHRADER, HARRIET E.
GETCHEL, GLADYS	MURPHY, ANNA M.	SCHWARTZ, GERTRUDE
GUGGENHEIM, IRENE	MURPHY, GENEVIEVE M.	SWANSON, CAROLINE H.
HERATY, MARIE L.	MURRAY, MARY C.	SYLVESTER, GRACE D.

Part Four—Organizations



A desire for the study of birds and trees on the part of the students of the college caused the Field Study Club to be organized in September, nineteen hundred and eleven. The following year, the addition of camera work to the work of the club changed the name to the Field and Camera Club.

The club meets on the first and third Tuesdays of the month. In spring and early fall, the weather usually determines what the program will be. In pleasant weather, trips are taken to the parks or suburbs; in unpleasant weather, birds are studied from lantern slides, lectures are delivered, or some form of camera work is taken up.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the club is the photography. This winter, after all the members had learned how to operate the various kinds of cameras and had exposed a plate of their own, the developing was undertaken. It was a novelty to most members to find the sensitized sides of the plates, dip them in the developing fluid, and anxiously watch the image appear. Intensifying and printing were equally interesting. This experimenting was done in a very well equipped dark room, where with favorable conditions successful results were more certain.

As a pleasant remembrance of the profitable hours spent in the club, the members decided to make a portfolio of pictures and blueprints.

OFFICERS

CLARA WALD
President

SUSAN SCULLY
Vice-President

MARY KEATING
Secretary

GERTRUDE REICHMAN
Reporter



DOUGLAS DEBATING CLUB

To us, as future teachers, probably nothing more appeals than that which helps us to stand on our feet and talk in a concise and convincing manner. We must all admit that this is not an easy task. With this in mind, a number of the students formed a debating club two years ago, and took as their guide Stephen A. Douglas. Hence the name, "Douglas Debating Club." In June, 1912, the club will close the second year of its history. The club loses through graduation year many of its faithful members and best debaters.

Serious as is our object, we have not overlooked the social side, and our entertainments have been an effectual means of acquainting the members of the club with each other, and establishing a friendly spirit between them.

In the first semester, the principal debate was given January 8, 1912, before the Assembly. The subject was, "Resolved: The State of Illinois Should Adopt the Recall for all Elective Officers." Miss Roby Roberts and Mr. Joseph Shine supported the affirmative; Miss Mabel Birmingham and Mr. Francis Gerty the negative. The decision was in favor of the affirmative.

This debate was in preparation for the principal event of the second semester — a debate on the same subject with Wheaton College. After a try-out Mr. Shine, Mr. Gerty, and Miss Roberts, with Miss Birmingham as substitute, were chosen.

The debate took place on Saturday evening, February 17, 1912, in the Chapel at Wheaton College. Our club supported the negative in this debate. Although the decision was in favor of our opponent, our debaters did excellent work.

The club is closing a successful year and hopes that succeeding years will prove as profitable.

OFFICERS

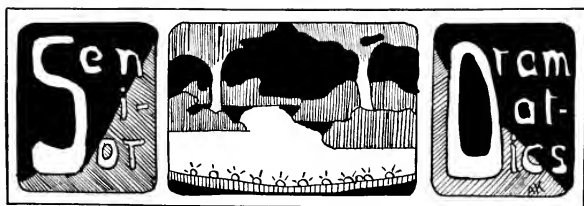
ETHEL CUMMINGS — *President*
JAMES F. HOSIC — *Faculty Adviser*
MABEL BIRMINGHAM — *Vice-President*

FRANCES RYAN — *Secretary and Treasurer*
JOSEPH B. SHINE — *Business Manager*
ELSA SCHEERER — *Reporter*





THE SENIOR DRAMATIC CLUB



The Senior Dramatic Club, well known and dearly beloved, is the oldest club in the school of student organization, and is justly proud of the fact. It has had a prosperous year under excellent officers and the plays it has given have been unusually successful. The officers for nineteen eleven and twelve are:

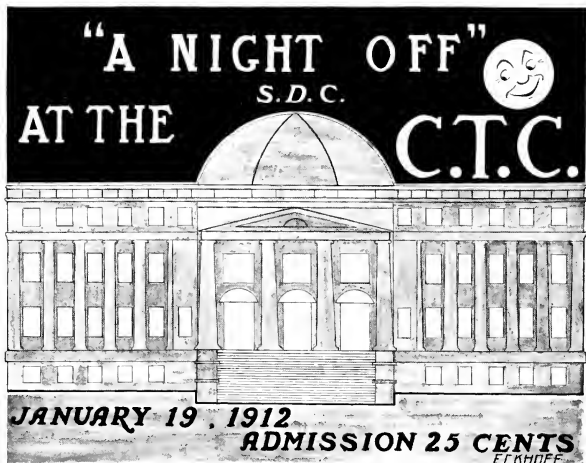
1911		1912
NENA ANDERSON	<i>President</i>	FRANCES MITCHELL
FRANCES MITCHELL	<i>Vice-President</i>	VERA MALONEY
ELIZABETH GABLER	<i>Secretary</i>	MABEL ANNE SULLIVAN
FRANCES MCGINNIS	<i>Alternating Secretary</i>	ETHEL CUMMINGS
ELEANOR JOHNSON	<i>Treasurer</i>	BEATRICE VAN WAGNER
HARRIET FLANDERS	<i>Reporter</i>	ELEANOR KELLOGG

The play given in February was "A Night Off," by Augustin Daly. The cast of characters was:

SUSAN, maid at the Babbitts	ROBEY ROBERTS
PROWL, usher at the University	HARRIET FLANDERS
JUSTINIAN BABBITT, Professor of Ancient History in Camptown University	JOSEPHINE OGDEN
HARRY DAMASK	FRANCES MITCHELL
ANGELINA DAMASK, his wife, and eldest daughter of the Professor	MILDRED CHINLUND
MARCUS BRUTUS SNAP, theatrical manager	JULIANNA WILD
LORD MULBERRY, in pursuit of Jack	EMILY CUSON
MRS. ZANTIPPA BABBITT, professor of conjugal management in the Professor's household	NANON WINCHER
NISBE BABBITT, youngest daughter of the Professor	NENA ANDERSON
MARIE, servant at Damask's	HARRIET FLANDERS
JACK MULBERRY, in pursuit of fortune under the name of Chumley	ELEANOR WILSON

Later on in the year, for the assembly program, the club presented the "Kleptomaniac," a comedy in one act, by Margaret Cameron. The cast was as follows:

MRS. JOHN BURTON (Peggy), a very forgetful person	MARIE DARGAN
MRS. VALERIA CHASE ARMSBY, a young widow	ERNA OLSCHNER
MRS. CHARLES DOVER (Mabel), a young bride	FRANCES MCGINNIS
MRS. PRESTON ASHLEY (Bertha), who idolizes the aristocracy	KATHLEEN BRENNAN
MISS FREDA DIXON, a determined young lady	BEATRICE VAN WAGNER
MISS EVELYN EVANS, a journalist	MABEL ANNE SULLIVAN
KATIE, Mrs. Burton's maid	VERA MALONEY



One novel and ingenious idea that the S. D. C. put into effect this year was the procession of the pledge or the initiation. The pledges, in sackcloth or sheets or some equally picturesque and uncomfortable garb, carrying lighted candles and wearing their hair in long braids, wind about through the darkened auditorium to form the letters S. D. C. The initiations are perfectly gorgeous — for the old members.

The programs at the regular meetings were all good, and the presence of refreshments added materially to the public welfare.

On Saturday, May 20, the S. D. C. gave a reunion for the alumnae, many of whom returned to renew old friendships and to talk over former plays. "The Kleptomaniac" was given, and afterwards the S. D. C. song (the words by Pauline Rosaire) was sung. It all made up a very enjoyable afternoon, and there were refreshments, — plenty of them — and dancing, too. "The Kleptomaniac" was also given at Lake View High School and at Cornell Square.

The play for the spring was "The Comedy of Errors." The cast was as follows:

SOLINUS, Duke of Ephesus									EMILY CUSON
ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS	{	Twin brothers and							FRANCES MITCHELL
		sons of Ægeon							
ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE	{	and Æmelia							BEATRICE VAN WAGNER
DROMIO OF EPHESUS	{	Twin brothers and							MAE SKOBIS
		attendants upon							
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE	{	the two Antipholuses							JULIANNA WILD
ÆGEON, a merchant of Syracuse									PAULINE ROSAIRE
DR. PINCH, a charlatan									EMILY CUSON
BALTHAZAR, a merchant									ETHEL FRALEY
ANGELO, a goldsmith									ROBY ROBERTS
MERCHANT									VICTORIA SEABURG
ÆMELIA, an abbess and wife of Ægeon									MARIE DARGAN
ADRIANA, wife of Antipholus of Ephesus									JOSEPHINE OGDEN
LUCIANA, her sister									JEANNIE STEWART
LESBIA									FRANCES MCGINNIS
LUCE, servant of Adriana									ESTHER HALLIGAN

OFFICERS AND GUARDS

ARNA MUELLER
MIRIAN LARCK
HELEN HUNT
ESTHER HANSEN

IRENE FRANK
GRACE WEBBER
ELEANOR KELLOGG
AGNES ANDERSON



**DON'T
MISS
IT!**

A COMEDY OF ERRORS S.D.C.

MAY 17, 1912

ADMISSION 25 CENTS

ECKHOFF

Criticism of "Comedy of Errors"

What more can be said of the "Comedy of Errors," presented by the Senior Dramatic Club on Friday, May 17, 1912, than that it moved from scene to scene beautifully, without a single jerk or pause,— even the curtain did its duty without the usual protests and balkings.

Miss Mitchell and Miss Van Wagner, as the two Antipholuses, played their parts with dignity and grace, rendering their speeches in clear, well-defined tones. Josephine Ogden, as Adriana, portrayed the jealous, anxious wife with much understanding, and Jeannie Stewart, as Luciana, proved a sweet and loving sister.

The work of the two Dromios, the Misses Skobis and Wild, merits much praise, for they kept the comedy light and easy, making every point carry across the footlights, while their gestures and facial expressions furnished the audience as much amusement as their cleverly rendered speeches. Their meeting in the fifth act was funny indeed.

Miss Cuson made a very dignified and gracious Duke Solinus, while Pauline Rosaire, as the condemned merchant, Ægeon, aroused the sympathy of her audience without overdoing the pathos.

Misses Fraley, Roberts, Seaburg, Dargan, Halligan, and McGinnis contributed much to making the play a well-rounded whole. The scene in the fourth act in which Adriana confronts her husband, Antipholus, and in which he turns on her, was very naturally and effectively done.

Not at any time did the audience feel the strain that so often accompanies amateur performances. The actors all seemed sure of themselves and their lines, and refused to be diverted or disturbed even by toppling scenery. That their acting was greatly enhanced by the beauty of the creams and lavenders of the costumes of the Antipholuses, the gray and rose of the jovial Dromios, the splendor of the Duke's royal robes and the flowing, graceful gowns of Adriana and her sister, goes without saying.

In every way did the "Comedy of Errors" prove a success, thus writing another triumph in the annals of the S. D. C.

PRESIDENT OF THE S. D. C., 1911.





CAST OF "A COMEDY OF ERRORS"

SENIOR DRAMATIC CLUB OFFICERS

TOP ROW

VERA MALONEY — *Vice-President*
 MABEL A. SULLIVAN — *Secretary*
 ETHEL CUMMING — *Alternating Secretary*

LOWER ROW

ELEANOR KELLOGG — *Reporter*
 FRANCES MITCHELL — *President*
 BEATRICE VAN WAGNER — *Treasurer*



Current Topics Club

"What are you doing, dear?"

"Plotting curves."

"What?"

"Plot-ting curves — making a graphic representation of facts for-er-comparison."

"Oh! For education of course. Isn't it awful! I suppose the subject is 'Rate of Growth from —'"

"Pardon the interruption, but, for once, I am actually not expending my energy on education. To forestall another question, I beg to state that I am indicating the attendance at the Current Topics Club, and, if you will kindly give your attention to the chart for a moment, you will observe that most of the strokes are upward. The conclusion I leave to you. And if I may further encroach on your valuable time, I should like to inform you that, at these large gatherings every two weeks, we (I mean the club members of course) have the most interesting talks on current events, with Mrs. Schacht and Mr. Hill kindly assisting and —"

"For goodness sake, stop! I prefer the information in installments *if you please*. But really, dear, do you get any good out of the club?"

"Any good! Any good! We gain the ability to talk fluently on all current affairs from reciprocity to the tick-tick phones and hence are never ill at ease during an intelligent discussion. Did you say 'Any good?' dear?"

"I am converted. I suppose you have tea at your meetings — tea and gossip go well together."

"Our discussion *never* degenerates into mere gossip, and tea is *never* on the refreshment list. Instead, we have ice cream with — well, I won't make your mouth water. And listen carefully now, dear; we have more than enough refreshments to go around."

"No! Really! How do you account for the superfluity?"

"Well, among other things, you good-natured little lady, remember that *you* never were present. Now run along till I finish my work."

OFFICERS

MARGARET CALLAGHAN
President

MRS. SCHACT
Faculty Adviser

ISABELLE BONNELL
Vice-President

HELEN HUNT
Secretary

MARGARET O'MARA
Reporter



LITERARY CLUB

HER
FIRST
CALLER

A
TOAST

A
KITCHEN
EPISODE

Olomski

It is well known that we members of the Literary Club can write plots and some of us can develop them into real plays. In September our faculty adviser, Mr. Hooper, suggested this as a good line of work for the year. We eagerly took his suggestion, and since then have been living in the world of the drama. Three one-act-one-scene plays capable of being produced have resulted from our enthusiastic effort: "A Toast," by Frances C. Ryan; "A Kitchen Episode" by Mary Bertolotti; "Her First Caller," by Dorothy Lewis. These plays will probably be presented before the close of school. "The play's the thing," but not the only thing, in the Literary Club. We have had frequent social meetings, and one large party at Christmas time to serve as recreation, and to give us new vigor for our important undertaking.

OFFICERS

HELEN CUMMINGS
Reporter

FRANCES RYAN
President

MABEL BIRMINGHAM
Vice-President



TRAVEL CLUB

The Travel Club has, indeed, traveled far and wide. Of course, there is no need to define the purpose of the Club, for it is very evident. It is one of the oldest clubs in the school, and one of the most successful. Our class advisers, Mrs. Cook and Miss Walker, have been very kind to us by advising and suggesting our line of work and entertaining us with lectures. Miss Smithers delivered to the club a lecture on "Oriental Means of Communication," which we all enjoyed.

Besides these programs, we have had many social meetings, and, through the enthusiastic efforts of a splendid social committee, we have enjoyed a bit of fun along with our more serious pleasure.

OFFICERS

ROBY C. ROBERTS
President

CORA ECKHOFF
Secretary

LOTTIE M. BRUFF
Treasurer

EDNA BABER
Reporter



The Home and Community Garden Club

The Home and Community Garden Club is under the direction of Mr. Smith, of the Science Department. The members go to various grammar schools throughout the city, upon request of the principals, and organize such pupils as are willing into groups, for the purpose of beautifying the school grounds and, in some cases, the neighborhood. Often, vacant lots have to be cleared before gardening can be begun. When this is in operation, the school children supply the seeds, and the school, the tools. If home gardens are made, the parents supply both. It is wonderful to note how one single community or home garden becomes the germ of a changed neighborhood.

Since the club now extends its work throughout the year, it is hoped that its purpose will be more fully felt,—to give such students of the school as need it a better understanding of children; to make for a clean city; to afford a better knowledge of gardening to all concerned.

Questions of interest concerning the work are considered at the club meetings, held every Monday in the Physical Lecture Room. It is indeed with pleasure that those of us who remain look forward to a continuation of the work.

ROSE V. MICHAELIS.

OFFICERS

MISS STEINKRAUS
President

MISS BUCKLEY
Secretary

MISS HANTZ
Reporter



HOME AND COMMUNITY GARDENS FOR CITY CHILDREN

The school garden in the city is now common. It is recommended in the course of study for Chicago schools, for we are beginning to understand that children like to plant and care for growing things, and receive much good in doing so. But in the school garden there is rarely enough space to enable each pupil to have a certain space entirely under his care, for which he is wholly responsible. Group work under the direction of a teacher is what we generally find. And though the boys and girls find pleasure in this, still it is doing what "teacher" wants; the garden belongs to the school, not to them; and often at the close of school in June, they forget all about it.

The school garden, however, is not the only kind that the children may work and enjoy under supervision. We have now in Chicago two other kinds, called respectively home and community gardens, which are under the supervision of persons throughout the

city who volunteer to do this work. The home garden, as the name implies, is a garden at the child's home. The community garden is a garden in an available vacant lot where each child of the neighborhood is allowed a plot entirely under his care. The children select the lot and with the permission of proper authorities, begin work. Many times the lot is full of rubbish of every sort, and the first work is to have it cleared. Then comes the work of preparing the soil, which must be spaded and loosened up to be in condition for planting. Next, the lot is divided into sections, and each child receives a section. Here he may plant whatever he chooses and according to any plan he may make. The result is a great deal of competition. Each child has a plan of his own, and takes his supervisor into confidence only on condition that she will not let any of his fellow workers "in on it." These arrangements and plans are often crude; but, nevertheless, the children enjoy making them. Other pleasures, too, are likely to come the way of these community gardeners — a day off in one of the parks, or such another outing arranged by the supervisor for "the garden group."

It may be interesting to know how these supervisors get to the children in the first place. Two years ago, Mr. Shepherd, of the Chicago Teachers College, organized "a community garden club," and invited the students of the college to join. A number availed themselves of the opportunity. The work of the club was, and is, entirely voluntary, consisting in garden work at the college in preparation for the summer supervision. The first year most of the summer work was done in South Chicago, but last year it was much extended, and members of the club were appointed for supervision duty in a number of school communities. The hope is that many will now volunteer for the work besides students and alumnae of the college. From the side of the children, organization begins with the principals of the schools, who, in a number of cases, form clubs among children already interested in gardening, and then apply to the college for supervisors. For home gardens, when the supervisor appointed arrives at a school, she is given a list of the club members, their names and addresses. In the case of community gardens, meetings are arranged for beforehand at the school which the children attend, and here the work is planned. It is important, however, to remember that although the supervisors get to the children through the schools, still the home and community gardens are in no way school gardens. Any child in the neighborhood, whether attending any given school or not, may have a chance. And it is not always the children in the neighborhood who become interested, but sometimes the older people take notice of the work and encourage it.

The home gardens are those with which, personally, I had most to do. One hot day last spring, with several other girls, I went to the Hamline, one of the schools in the stock-yards district, where I am now a cadet. Supervisors for home gardens were needed there. Each was furnished with a list of twelve children and also with a guide to take her about from place to place, as none of us then knew the neighborhood. Outside, the group separated, each supervisor starting off in a different direction and promising to meet the others at the school after she had finished.

I was received very kindly at most of the houses, but sometimes only after much hesitating and questioning. Usually, after I had proved myself harmless, Willie or Emma or Charlie was allowed to show me the garden and explain in detail everything concerning it, reinforced from time to time by his or her anxious parent. It was not always the parents, however, who hesitated. Sometimes, on entering a yard, I would hear the angry bark of a dog, and I would hastily retire, leaving to the guide the task of informing my gardeners that I had arrived.

In one place, I remember, I was received rather harshly. It was at the home of one of the boys of whom I was to have charge. His mother came to the door, and I told her my mission. She became very indignant and told me I "had not much to do to be putting foolish notions in the child's head," and if he had any time to spare, she would find something "worth while" for him to do. I tried to persuade her and explain to her the value as well as the pleasure the child would derive from planting and growing plants, but to no

purpose. The boy said he would love to have a garden, but this only angered his mother the more, and she told me I had better go, and she did "not want to see me around again." I was hot and tired by this time, and this experience did not add to my comfort. At another place I met with a boy's father, who refused to let me speak with his son, for, he said, "Charlie is a good boy; he never does any one any harm at home," and he was sure he did not bother any one at school; if I wanted to know anything about other boys, Charlie would not tell me, so I "might as well go." Never in my life before had I felt so much suspected and not wanted! Yet I soon forgot all about these difficulties when, after finishing my travels, I met my friends at the school, and we started home, each relating to the others her experiences.

I had not expected to find perfect gardens in this neighborhood of the stockyards, but neither did I expect to find such dilapidated looking places as were called by the children gardens. In one place, in particular, to which I went, the back yard of a large flat building, I was amazed by the display of tin cans, papers, boxes, and rubbish of all descriptions. I looked about in vain for the garden, then asked the boy, Victor, where it was. He pointed to a corner of the yard; I looked in the direction indicated, trying again to see something that looked like a garden and would allow me to utter the exclamation of approval with which I generally tried to encourage the children; but I could see nothing. Finally, I walked over to the corner, and what poor Victor called a garden was a plot of cinders about two by three feet, with one small plant about two inches high and a fence about half a foot high enclosing it. I talked with Victor for a while, and we decided that if the yard were cleared of all rubbish, a larger space given to the garden, and better soil brought to it, more success could be expected. Victor's, however, was not the worst, and sometimes when, to bad conditions as to gardens, was added laziness and negligence on the part of the gardeners, I gave up hope — probably too soon, and discontinued my visits. But this was very unusual. The greater number worked very hard.

The second time I visited the children I was disappointed in not finding some of them at home. To prevent this occurring again, I divided my district into two parts and appointed two boys captains, as it were. I gave each boy a list of the children living near him; then every time before my visiting round, I sent postals to the captains, telling them to inform their charges that I was coming. This, of course, made the boys feel very important, and they always performed their duty thoroughly, for I would find each child at home and nearly every garden well weeded and showing signs of recent attention. One child had nothing for a garden but a large soap box, but even from this she raised a good supply of lettuce, which the family used. In some cases the children were encouraged by their parents, while in others, they had a hard time working in spite of their parents' protests. I am glad to be able to say that in many of the latter cases, after the children's gardens were growing well, the parents changed their minds and sometimes even went so far as to help the children with the work. The children I supervised raised vegetables for the most part, and were very fortunate with them; many told me of all they had had for table use, and presented me with some of their produce. This, of course, added to their interest, for they were proud to be able to contribute to their homes.

Strange to say, perhaps, I was more interested in Victor's garden than in any of the others. I think it was because of the adverse conditions in the beginning and the way he tried to overcome them. The second time I visited him, the yard was cleared of the rubbish, but his garden did not look very promising. He had carried soil from a lot near by, but not enough. While I was speaking with him, one of his friends, who went to a parochial school, joined us and became interested. He listened for a time and then said he was willing to help, and wanted to know if I would "let" him. Of course, I was only too glad, and assured him that it mattered not what school he attended. The boys then went to work very hard. They carried loads of soil in a small wagon, and when I visited them again, the garden was about five feet square. I was pleased, and suggested enlarging the garden still

more. They did not seem to mind the work at all, even though they had many difficulties; for example, the rats, which are quite numerous in that neighborhood, destroyed some of their plants, and the children annoyed them. However, after a while the boys got the other children "in" with them and they helped rather than disturbed them. After much hard work of this sort, their garden looked quite prosperous — far better than I had hoped for. It was about eight by five feet with a whitewashed fence about two feet high surrounding it. The fence was not very grand, but, nevertheless, the children enjoyed it and were very proud of it. In the garden were vines, which clung to a barn in the adjoining yard, radishes and beets and nasturtiums. The boys hoped eagerly to have a picture taken of the garden, but I am sorry to say that one day in August the barn in the next yard burned, and the people living in the building gathered up the waste wood and threw it into the garden, which, being in the corner of the yard, was a convenient place for it. The boys were quite disheartened over it, but removed, as best they could, the lumber. I tried to console them, and they planned to begin earlier next time, and were quite sure they would have a better garden, now that they knew "better how to get at it."

I had many experiences in my garden work which surprised me. I had never thought that children would work so hard to have a garden. I had never thought of all the pleasure a garden planned, planted, and trained by the children, with the responsibility entirely resting with them, would give them. I had the least of the work. The children had the most of it, but they were proud to have their pictures taken in a garden which they could say was their own and for which they had worked. Each one was zealous to have his garden better than that of any one else. As for me, I learned and enjoyed with the children, and have felt, in my school work this year, the benefit of the work done with them.

ROSE O'HARE.

Class of June 1911,
Chicago Teachers College.



The Cui Bono Club

Begun in the fall of '08, the Cui Bono Club was launched upon its career of early prestige by a few members of the psychology class who were particularly interested in the study of that subject.

To-day this club is maintained by a group of members who have added to the regular psychological discussions a short program of readings or music. The purpose of the club is to give all an opportunity to enjoy talks on certain subjects given by its various members, and to take part in the discussions which invariably follow.

An important item in the recent history of the club is the visit paid to it by Professor Angell, of the University of Chicago. His highly entertaining and profitable talk was enjoyed by all who attended, both students and faculty. Hypnotism does not stand in the minds of Cui Bono members with so large a question mark as formerly, owing to Professor Angell's enlightening talk. The violin solo rendered by Miss Steinkraus and the vocal solo by Miss Koier, given on this occasion, are illustrations of the talent to be found in this club.

Our advisers, Miss Fernald and Mr. Ashley, are staunch members as well. They even come to the socials, where a double dish of ice cream is served to Mr. Ashley.

There has been a change of address in the past year for the club. Whereas formerly we met in Room 210, owing to the addition of musical numbers to the program the club was obliged to seek a room which contained a piano. Its present meeting place is in the Kindergarten room.

Socials are held in Mr. Fairbank's room, where after a delightful program, refreshments are served, and dancing follows.

Hence it is clear that though we work, we also play, and each meeting is rendered enjoyable by the combination.

MAYLOU VON GOENS.

OFFICERS

MAYLOU VON GOENS
President

MARY GILLIES
Vice-President

HANNAH DILLON
Secretary

LILLIAN LARSEN
Reporter





SENIOR GLEE CLUB

Every Wednesday afternoon,
As promptly as school closes,
In the third floor corner room,
We sing, and no one dozes.

When passing quietly down the hall
Or hurrying to your fate,
You may, perhaps, hear some one call,
"Be sure and don't be late."

And, "Where were you? Miss So and So?
You surely won't desert us?"
Folks always reap just what they sow,
If you want good, sow you must.

Now we have just two lessons more,
Before in public we appear,
So, come, let all your voices soar,
And do not hesitate in fear.

Sopranos, have you got that note?
Here's where the bass comes in,
And here is where I simply dote.
Now make this sweet and thin.

Come, now, and go through this again,
And then our "Song of May,"
So Glee Club then is at an end —
"Good Bye," say, till next Wednesday.
VERA MALONEY.

OFFICERS

MYRTLE TAYLOR
President

M. BIRMINGHAM
Vice-President

KATHRYN BROWNE
Secretary

EDNA BONFIELD
Treasurer



Senior Glee Club

"Remember, girls, Wednesday, two o'clock. If you are a member of the Senior Glee Club this needs no explanation."

No member of the "Gleeful" Club can escape this gentle reminder from its able director, Mr. Fairbank. She may think she will not be missed if she is away from a practice now and then, but the next morning she will hear the same voice behind her saying, "You made yourself conspicuous by your absence yesterday, Miss —." Through his untiring efforts, the Glee Club has been trained. You have all heard us sing (unless you happened to be elsewhere during the musicales). We have quantity as well as quality, and we enjoy singing together every Wednesday, guided by one who knows our many labors and who is always ready to help us out of our difficulties.

M. BULLEN.

SENIOR GLEE CLUB MEMBERS

First Sopranos

B. ROSENTHAL	S. SULLIVAN	E. HAYES	I. O'TOOLE
V. MURPHY	B. SCOTT	N. GEORGESON	K. BROWNE
L. MCINTYRE	A. SCHWANKE	M. CLARKE	N. BAUMEISTER
V. BAUER	M. WALKER	F. JOHNSTON	M. DOHERTY
C. WALD	M. MOORE		

Second Sopranos

H. ALLGEIER	G. WEBBER	H. ANDERSON	M. MCGUIRE
M. BULLEN	H. HUNT	D. SIVYER	E. FROLICK
V. SEABURG	G. STEWART	LIPSKA	I. RAFFERTY
A. MUELLER			

First Altos

M. CHINLUND	E. BONFIELD	R. CHRISTIE	R. AUSTERMAN
H. SCHLUMBRECHT	V. MALONEY	M. KOELSER	D. WAHLGREN
L. NELSON	J. WILD		

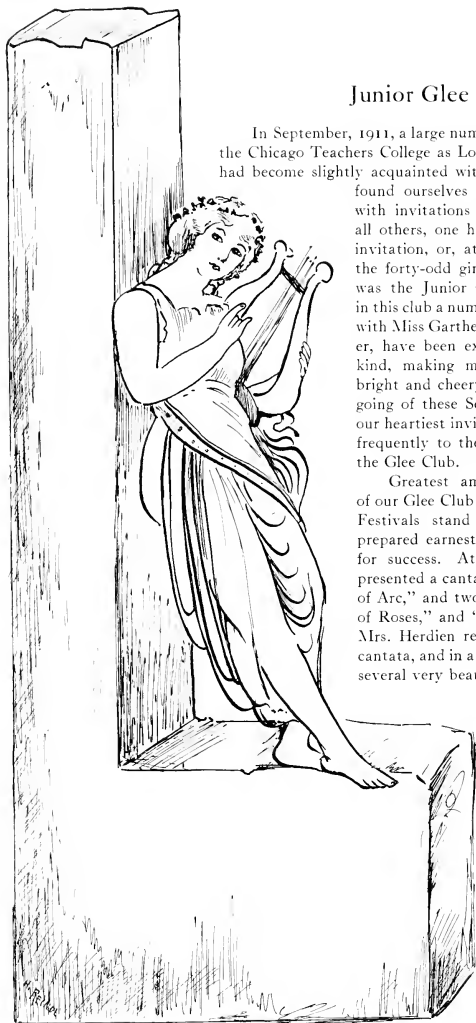
Second Altos

R. BOCK	M. TAYLOR	M. BIRMINGHAM	C. O'SHAUGHNESSY
G. DAVIS	X. BILHORN	H. SCHNOBLE	MRS. M. SCHROEDER

Junior Glee Club

In September, 1911, a large number of students entered the Chicago Teachers College as Lower Juniors. When we had become slightly acquainted with our surroundings, we found ourselves besieged on every side with invitations to join clubs. Among all others, one held forth a very strong invitation, or, at least, it so seemed to the forty-odd girls who accepted it. It was the Junior Glee Club. We found in this club a number of Seniors, and they, with Miss Garthe, our director and teacher, have been exceedingly pleasant and kind, making many dull, weary days bright and cheery. We shall mourn the going of these Seniors, and shall extend our heartiest invitation to them to return frequently to their Alma Mater, and to the Glee Club.

Greatest among the many events of our Glee Club life, the Fall and Spring Festivals stand forth. For these, we prepared earnestly and joyfully, longing for success. At the Fall Festival, we presented a cantata, "The Death of Joan of Arc," and two songs, "It was a Bowl of Roses," and "Sweet Evening Wind." Mrs. Herdren rendered the solos in the cantata, and in a number of her own, sang several very beautiful songs. If one can



judge by applause and comment, we were successful. We have since sung for the Parker Practice School and for the Teachers College.

One must not and, in fact, cannot forget the Glee Club Social. It was attended by some members of the Faculty, and all of the members of the club. An interesting program was given. The Faculty Quartette sang for us, and by request, and after much persuasion, they consented to sing "The Sunday School Scholar." Members of the club also sang solos for us. We, then, had a musical game, in which prizes were awarded to Misses Bayle and McSweeney. We went from Miss Garthe's room to Mr. Fairbank's, where refreshments were served, stories told, and favorite old songs were sung. None of those who attended are likely to forget this good time.

Now, we are preparing for our Spring Festival, at which we will render another cantata, "The Lady of Shalott." We are hoping for as great, if not greater success than we had with our last. Mrs. Herdien is to be the soloist, Miss Hayes, her accompanist, while Misses Ilma Bayle and Mary Carvlin will accompany the choruses.

GERTRUDE LEYDEN.



Hearts and Darts

O sing a song of Valentines!
A million crimson hearts
Have blossomed in the shop windows—
Sir Cupid, quick, your darts!

O sing a song of Valentines!
Dan Cupid's cold and formal;
He says with quite a haughty air—
"I've shot them all at Normal!"

There is a young knave known as Cupid,
Who is sometimes provokingly stupid.
When seemingly heartless
He's really quite dartless,
And has hearts by the score, this Dan Cupid.
P. R.

OFFICERS

ROBY C. ROBERTS
President

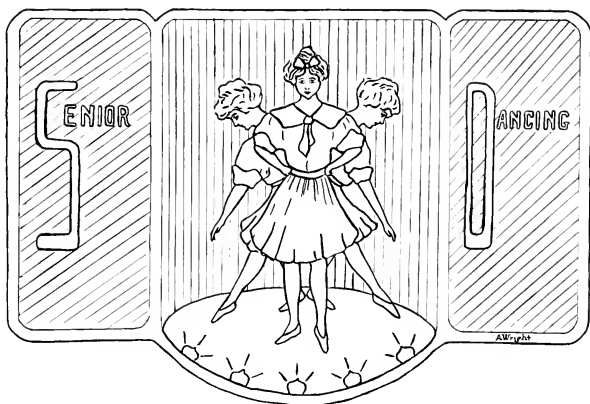
PAULINE ROSAIRE
Librarian

TERESA RAUSCH
Secretary and Treasurer





SENIOR DANCING CLUB



OFFICERS

President — FLORENCE LYNN.

Vice-President — HAZEL SCHLUMBRECHT.

Secretary — HELEN NEEDLER.

Treasurer — GRACE CULLINAN.

Adviser — MISS TRILLING.

The popularity of the Senior Dancing Club cannot be denied when it is considered that some one hundred students, clad in "gym" suits and ballet slippers, merrily trip along to the Parker Gymnasium every Thursday at 2:15. And the reasons are obvious, for the students realize that here they may enjoy themselves, and at the same time accomplish something worth while.

And we think we have done something worthy, for our work has not been confined to any one class of dances, but includes country, morris, and aesthetic dances. We have enjoyed the lively, blood-tingling steps of the "Irish Jig," the "Irish Lilt" and the "Sand Jig." We have danced with glee and sometimes sung as we did so, to the boisterous "We Won't Go Home 'Till Morning" and "Hull's Victory." But we could be dignified and refined, too, for only light, airy, and graceful steps are found in "Benita Caprice," "Wild Bird," "Mignonette," and "The Heart of the Rose" (our masterpiece).

Nor were social times forgotten. In January we established the precedent of giving the first annual cotillion. Each member invited a guest, and many of the Faculty favored us with their presence. After a brief program by the members, all present took part in the grand march and other dances that followed. No one will quickly forget the fuzzy bugs and miniature feather dusters given as favors, nor the gallons of frappé to be had for the asking at the close of each dance. Later on—Thursday, April 25th—the Junior and Senior Dancing Clubs gave a joint exhibition of their work, for the members of the school, the Faculty, and about two hundred visiting Physical Education Teachers.

At the conclusion of this program the two dancing clubs held a party, which was even more gay and successful than our cotillion, if such a thing could be possible.

The following Saturday night, April 27th, about fifty members of the club took part in a program given at Bartlett Gymnasium for the Physical Education Conference. This Conference comprised all the Physical Education Teachers of the Middle West. We who went were well repaid.

We have spent many happy hours together, and ere we leave, would like to tender a message of thanks to Miss Trilling, our instructor and adviser. We are sorry to leave, we are sorry also that Miss Trilling will leave, but wish her every success in her new work.

SENIOR DANCING CLUB

When first the Senior Dancing Class

Began to look for fame

They danced so very hard — alas!

The next day, all were lame.

Some rubbed themselves with alcohol

Before they went to bed;

Next day, their friends asked, "Did you fall?"

"No!— danced," was what they said.

But soon they all felt very proud

When they could dance a jig;

They thought they'd surely draw a crowd

When the "Wild Bird Dance" they did.

You ought to see them pirouette,

So high upon their toes,

"The Irish Jig" and "Mignonette"

And oh, "The Heart of the Rose!"

AMY WRIGHT.





"Lots of bending and high pointing," and then the bevy of fair maidens actually fly through their many terpsichorean achievements, in answer to the command of their inspiring directress, who is as full of the spirit of youth as they are.

Judging from their smiling countenances as they pirouette, leap, arabesque, et cetera, through the enticing "Faust Waltz," "Tzigane," "Dill Pickles," and a score of others, verily they dance for the pure love of dancing.

Then putting aside all jollity, and assuming such dignity as would become queens — they gracefully promenade through the stately steps of the "Court Dance," giving the surroundings an atmosphere of royalty.

No, this is not a recreation period, nor a social hour; it is the Junior Dancing Club preparing for its demonstration.

Gracefully bending, gleefully wending,
Glide many maidens as spirits of joy.
Most lightly flying, bowing, and smiling,
Send salutations with glances so coy!

MARY BERTOLOTTI.

OFFICERS

MARY O'CONNELL
President

LORETTA DUFFY
Vice-President

GENEVIEVE LELLMANN
Treasurer and Secretary

MARIE BERTOLOTTI
Reporter





THE JUNIOR DANCING CLUB

The Weekly

THE CHICAGO NORMAL SCHOOL WEEKLY is the official newspaper of the Chicago Teachers College. It was first issued in January, 1910, and has appeared, with few exceptions, on every Monday of the school year since then. It is now completing its third volume.

The editors are members of the student body, chosen because of the aptitude they have shown for journalistic work, either in the English classes or in minor capacities on THE WEEKLY staff. At present there are ten editors, all of whom are seniors. In addition to this regular editorial staff there are two advisory editors, Miss Cabell of the English department and Mr. Morrow of the Art department.

The editorial work is divided among six departments. These are the Editorial, Art, News and Notes, and Literary departments, a department to look after General Assembly news, and another to look after Club news. The Art and Literary departments are comparatively new, but have had a great effect on the paper. In fact, the influences at work on THE WEEKLY during the present year have affected it to such an extent that a few words here will not be out of place.

When the paper was first issued its policy was far different from what it is now. At that time nothing but news and editorial comment on happenings in the educational world appeared in its columns. It was what its founders, Mr. Owen and Mr. Hoscic, intended it to be—an organ of record. During the publication of the second volume the editorial policy became more inclusive. Some literary matter was admitted, but its contents were still largely of the news variety. In fact, even now in the third volume THE WEEKLY may still say that its principal business is the printing of news, notes, and editorials, though it now has a decidedly liberal policy with regard to literary matter, many noteworthy poems, stories, and essays having been printed this year. The policy which has now been worked out seems to fit the needs of the school, and the present members of the staff hope that their successors will not soon find a change in policy necessary.

FRANCIS J. GERTY.

ADVISORY EDITORS

ELVIRA D. CABELL

ELMER A. MORROW

EDITORS

PAULINE ROSAIRE
ELEANOR KELLOGG

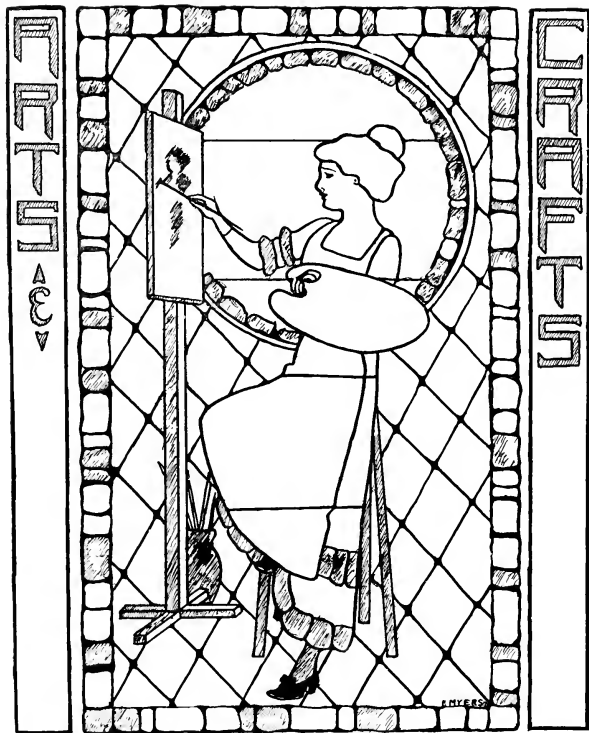
SADIE McELIGOTT
CATHERINE TAHENOY

IRENE DOYLE
FRANCIS J. GERTY

ILMA BAYLE
EMILY CUSON

MARY WALKER
CORA ECKHOFF





On November 17, 1909, a group of students who desired fuller development in both graphic and constructive art met in the Art Rooms of the college and organized the Arts and Crafts Club. Their motto, "Solvitur ambulando," was suggested by Mr. Owen.

During the next two years the enrollment was large. At one time the secretary's register showed one hundred and twenty-seven names.

A glimpse at the events in our club life shows us to be busy people, working with pleasure in our work. First came the program for the Assembly. After numerous councils and much assistance from Miss Collins, our faculty adviser, we decided to present a study of art as found in oriental rugs. Then came many hours of research and study. All hands pulled together. We searched libraries for books on our subject and read them with enthusiasm. We found the rugs in our own homes and in those of our friends. We reported on assigned topics which were discussed in club meetings, and it would take volumes to tell the fascinating things we learned.

We made excursions to the Art Room of the City Public Library, where we examined ponderous books for oriental costumes and the materials, colorings and myriad designs used in the rugs. We also went to Marshall Field's, where on Columbus Day, under the guidance of Mr. Munson of the rug department, we spent the morning examining the rugs from the different countries of the Orient.

On October 23, we were the guests of the Englewood Woman's Club. Dr. Frank Gunsaulus in his masterful way gave an illustrated lecture on Japanese art. The following week the Lake View Woman's Club invited us to Lincoln Park to listen to Mr. Pushman, who is an authority on Oriental rugs.

Our girls had designed Oriental costumes. Mr. Eggers brought his graphophone to lend appropriate music. Mr. Munson loaned us several hundred dollars worth of handsome rugs to use as stage decoration and to illustrate the talks. There were also incense burners to give a more Oriental air. Mr. Pushman sent his loom with a rug in the process of making. With all these preparations our program was given on December 4, 1911.

This task completed, our members crocheted opera bags and our next work was the making of copper desk sets.

Another day we do not want to forget is the one on which, with Mrs. Eggers and Mrs. Miller as guides, we examined an exhibit of Industrial Work from European countries at the Art Institute.

We had two social afternoons during the year. On January 9th we gathered around a daintily spread table in room 301, and on April 2d, a bountiful luncheon was spread in Mrs. Miller's room. These were given in honor of our graduates. Soon the final banquet for the majority of us will be spread, closing our college life.

SARAH E. AUSEMUS.

OFFICERS

FLORENCE MYERS
Treasurer

BARBARA MANSON
Reporter

ELLEN OLSEN
Vice-President

HELEN NEEDLER
President

HARRIET NILSEN
Secretary



“The Emblem ’12”

Both by way of report to the Upper Senior Class and in explanation of that report, the committee believes that it would not be amiss for us to make a short statement concerning our work. Most assuredly, on account of the extreme recency of our appointment, if for no other reason, we are entitled to the last place among school organizations.

It would perhaps be apropos for us to say why we chose the name that we did for the annual. We believe that the adoption of an official emblem is of no small moment to a college. So, in order to show our approval of the adoption of a college emblem as well as to thank those who were actively and successfully engaged in its promotion and acceptance, we feel that it is entirely fitting for us to name our annual “The Emblem.” We have emphatically and persistently urged its adoption among both students and faculty, hence more than mere chance was concerned in the choosing of the title of our book.

One point to be made clear, which unfortunately was not made clear until a few weeks prior to the present organization of the committee, is that this annual is published by the Upper Senior Class. It may be because of this misunderstanding that this committee was not appointed sooner. The limited time given us in which we were to complete our work made our task extremely difficult. We were not appointed until April 8, 1912, and the time then left to us made the preparation and the printing of a college annual of a hundred pages no small undertaking. It meant, of course, that the editors would have to be troublesomely urgent about the prompt handing in of material, that little or, in some instances, no time could be given for criticism and revision, and that the best book possible could not be made. Many calls are urged upon the members of a graduating class and the coming on of warm weather tended to increase the difficulty of the problem.

Another point which we believe should be understood is that the present committee had no record of the work of the school-book staff of last year; that it was only by

THE STAFF

UPPER ROW. (Left to Right)

1. OLIVE DAVIS — *Editor*
2. ANNE HEAGNEY — *Editor*
3. JOSEPH B. SHINE — *Managing Editor*
4. MAYLOU VAN GOENS — *Editor*

LOWER ROW. (Left to Right)

1. FRANCIS J. GERTY — *Business Manager*
2. HELEN NEEDLER — *Art Editor*
3. LILLIAN FLUMEY — *Editor*
4. CORA ECKHOFF — *Editor*
5. SADIE McELGOTT — *Editor*



chance that we secured a single slip of paper showing the number of copies of last year's book which were sold. The staff of "The Emblem '12" hopes to leave complete records of its proceedings.

The staff believes that, without the steady co-operation of Mr. Gardiner and Mr. Weed, our photographers, and R. R. Donnelley & Sons Company, together with the faithful efforts of our editors and a few energetic students, the issuance of a book of this size would have been impossible. We also wish to thank those students who are promoting the sale of the book. This article could not be properly closed without a word of thanks to Miss Fernald and Mr. Hosic. Both have been always ready and willing to guide and advise us and have smoothed the difficulties from our path as rapidly as they arose; so the staff feels that no small part of the success of "The Emblem" is due to their oversight.

JOSEPH B. SHINE.



Part Five—Commencement

JUNE 20, CLASS DAY

PROGRAM

Flag Raising	9:00 A. M.
Procession.	
Address for the Class	FRANCIS J. GERTY
Response for the School	PROFESSOR JAMES F. HOSIC
Planting Class Ivy:	
Ivy Oration	BERTHA ROSENTHAL
Ivy Song, written by PAULINE ROSAIRE.	
President's Address	BEATRICE VAN WAGNER
The School Emblem:	
Presentation	MILDRED CHINLUND
Response	ETHEL CUMMING
The Class Gift:	
Presentation	ROBY ROBERTS
Response	PRESIDENT WILLIAM BISHOP OWEN
Class Poem	PAULINE ROSAIRE
Musical Comedy, <i>A Graduate's Fantasy</i> .	
Class Song, written by ILMA BOYLE.	

JUNE 21—COMMENCEMENT DAY

PROGRAM

Graduation March	10:00 A. M.
Music.	
Address	PROFESSOR EDWIN H. LEWIS, Lewis Institute
Music.	
Presentation of Diplomas	PRESIDENT WILLIAM BISHOP OWEN
Music.	
Class Song.	
Musical	1:00 P. M.
Reception	2:00 P. M.



A Graduate's Fantasy

PROLOGUE—HOUSEHOLD ARTS STUDENTS

Written and Staged by Lillian G. Flumey.

Time: 1932.

Setting: Dining-room of "Bachelor Girls' Apartment."

Reunion Luncheon Party. Class Poem. Class Song.

Exit to visit new Arts Building. Hostess dreams "Graduate's Fantasy."

Normal Entrance Examinations

Written and staged by Esther Halligan.

1. Procession of various types of candidates who intend taking examinations.
2. Song: "I want to be a teacher
 And with the teachers stand,
 With spectacles upon my nose
 And ruler in my hand;
 And there, before my pupils
 With mischief ever ripe,
 I'll beat the air in three-fourths time,
 And blow on my pitch pipe."
3. Enter examination room amid much laughter.
4. Exit several candidates from examination room, who talk over questions, only to find they have answered every question wrong.
5. Song: "I'll never be a teacher,
 Nor with the teachers stand,
 Altho for many, many months
 I've worked to beat the band.
 I've studied hard and sat up nights,
 And burned the midnight oil,
 But these exam's have floored me;
 In vain is all my toil."

II

The First Day at Normal

Written and staged by Catherine Walsh.

Before school, in the main corridor. A teacher sits at the desk giving out programs. Small girls file in, by twos and threes. After some trouble in procuring programs, they get some valuable information from an all-knowing senior. A boy suddenly appears, and immediately all attention is focused upon him. For a time the situation is rather painful — for the boy. The girls, after some conversation about the latest arrival, suddenly break into song.

When the girls have finished singing, they all rush off to class, leaving the boy alone. He then moves to the middle of the stage and sings.

The scene closes with the discovery of a man, one of the teachers in the college.

III

Senior Dancing Club

Written and staged by Mae Skobis.

A dancing lesson, in the gymnasium. The girls are seated on the floor, awaiting the arrival of Miss Trilling. The impressions of certain members of the faculty and the joy derived from the club are included in the girls' conversation. They soon, however, are interrupted by Miss Trilling, who, as usual, asks them to "Get into the spirit of the dance," and to "Dance for the love of dancing." The class then dances "La Mignonette, and the "Wild Bird," and Miss Skobis dances the "Heart of the Rose."

When the girls are almost exhausted, Miss Trilling requests that they repeat the dances for Mr. Owen, who, as is his custom, appears at the *finis* of the dance.

The remaining part of the scene is devoted to the conversation between Miss Trilling and the girls in regard to the future work of the Dancing Club. It is with great grief that the girls hear about Miss Trilling's approaching departure from our dear C. T. C. to enter the Physical Education Department of the University of Wisconsin.

IV

The Bibliomaniacs

Written and staged by Julianna Wild.

Scene — The Public Library.

This scene is to give an idea of the hard work done by the students of the C.T. C., and the methods used in making a bibliography. This scene will be followed by a song.

HURRAH FOR THE CLASS OF '12.

Hurrah for the class of nineteen twelve!
 Hurrah for the class of twelve!
 We are grave and solemn as you can see.
 As to wisdom — ask the college facultee.
 We're so full of suggestions, all profound,
 And our theory of teaching is so sound,
 That when we teach the youth the city round
 We'll have response to stimulus renowned.

CHORUS

Hurrah for the class of nineteen twelve!
 Hurrah for the two times six!
 All antique methods of teaching we will shelve,
 And ancient pedagogy we will fix.

V

Scene From Kindergarten Life

Written and staged by Florence Fox.

Time

Scene laid in room 203, where students are attempting to concentrate.

2:30 P. M.

Enter student singing, "Everybody's Working Hard."

Chorus—Parody on Kindergarten work. Tune—*Dozen in Melody Lane*.

Jokes.

Enter sweeper.

Finale—Class Song.

VI

Club Scene

Written and staged by Emily B. Cuson.

S. D. C. Initiation in the Dome.

(a) Procession of Clubs.

(b) Circus.

(c) Imitation of Faculty.

(d) Marriage.

VII

The Weaving Scene

Written and staged by Ruth Trevett.

A Rehearsal of a Scene given by the Elective Class in Weaving.

Pantomime, with piano solo by Miss Bayle. "The Spinning Song," from the opera, "The Flying Dutchman," by Wagner—sung by the chorus.

VIII
Practice Teaching

Written and staged by Ilma M. Bayle.

A. *Assignments*—Main corridor.

1. "Has Anybody Seen Miss Kelly?"

MISS SCHLUETTER AND CHORUS

"Has any one seen Miss Kelly?
(K - E - double L - Y)
She's making out assignments,
And on her I have my eye!
We've been waiting here a good long while—
This may be our last chance to smile!
No, nobody's seen Miss Kelly,
But she'll be here bye-and-bye."

2. "Our Bulletin Board"

CHORUS

"Something doing, something doing,
Over yonder at the bull'tin board;
Trouble brewing, trouble brewing!
And to miss it, we can't afford.
Is it a lecture? (A safe conjecture!)
Or another call for dues?
This space we grace
With the latest news."

CHORUS

"Come on and see, come on and see,
The latest news that's out.
Come on and see, come on and see,
What the noise is all about.
The weather is the only thing it doesn't tell at all,
And even then, on Wednesday, it prophesies a "squall."
It has "The Tribune" put to rout!
Ev'ry day, that way
We go with one accord;
From that way to stray
We never could afford.
And if ever they lost that famous Swanee River,
They'd advertise, if they were wise,
On our bully bull'tin board."

B. *Anticipation* — Same setting.

1. "Will You Help Me with My Plan?"

MISS HITCHCOCK AND MISS WILD

"Oh, I have a plan to write,
A task that I abhor;
I'm asking you to help me,
Since you've written one before.
Can it be in form of outline?
Must it be so very long?
Must I put in any detail?
Oh! I'm sure to do it wrong!"

"Now, when you write a plan,
You must very humble be,
And where'er you say "I shall do,"
End it up with "possiblee."
When you've written all your going to,
Add, "Subject to a change."
If you follow what your plan says,
They will think it very strange."

C. *Realization*—"Bridge of Sighs."

1. "Listen to My Tale of Woe."

MISS TAHENY AND CHORUS

"This world's a cruel, cruel place!
(Listen to my tale of woe!)
Another day I cannot face.
'Tis killing me, this awful place,
Mad race! Disgrace!
(Oh, listen to my tale of woe!)

"I sat here cutting boards last night!
(Listen to my tale of woe!)
I cut and cut with all my might.
This morning found they weren't cut right!
Not quite! Sad plight!
(Oh, listen to my tale of woe!)

CHORUS

"Lots of trouble right in reach,
When bookbinding you must teach;
Of all assignments that's the peach,
The peach, the peach!
(Oh, listen to my tale of woe!)

"Last night I made a lot of paste!
(Listen to my tale of woe!)
This morning left the house in haste,
Another quarter gone to waste!
No paste, no paste!
(Oh, listen to my tale of woe!)

CHORUS

2. "Do-re-mi-fa-sol-la-si-do."

MISS BAYLE

"I never will forget the day I was assigned in art;
I really thought, without a doubt, my reason would depart!
I used to sit up every night, and try to learn to draw;
But now I'm teaching music, and it's bliss without a flaw!"

CHORUS I

"It's 'do-re-mi-fa-sol-la-si-do!'
That's 'bout all I have to do, and that's a cinch, you know!
Little teaching, lots of preaching,
Singing songs, and — oh,
Just 'do-re-mi-fa-sol-la-si-do!'

"Oh, teaching English is a bore,
And hist'ry is a fright!
And mathics is just awful, keeps you doing sums all night!
And teaching children how to dance is worse than anything!
But when you're teaching music, why—
You just to make 'em sing!"

CHORUS

"When supervisor comes around,
Or some sight-seeing guest,
We don't show off, but then, of course, we want to do our best.
The chances are, when comp'ny comes, a recitation's slow,
But when you're teaching music, you can sing a song you know!"

CHORUS II

"Sing, 'do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do,'
And then a minor scale or two, to show how much you know,
And then a song, one not too long,
And then, if guest wont go,
Sing 'do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do!'"

The Holocaust

Written and staged by Pauline Rosaire.

SCENE I

The theme for this act is the carrying out of the quest for the Key of Knowledge. A body of students appear in the first scene, searching diligently for the key. They look for it in all their books, in corners,—in every place that they can think of. When they see how futile the search is, they all sing, "Ah, I have sighed to find it," to the tune of "Ah, I have sighed to rest me." Things begin to look very dark, when some one comes forward with a suggestion which saves the situation. It is that they resort to *Magic*. Psychology, Mathematics, and all kinds of science have failed, and so this new idea meets with great approval.

SCENE II

A large caldron is boiling in the middle of the stage, over which three witches croon. To the funeral strains of Grieg's "Ase's Death," the disconsolate students file in, each armed with her favorite textbook.

The witches in a song tell them to draw near and cast their books into the caldron. Chanting doleful incantations, they burn the books. The climax comes when suddenly one of the witches reaches down and draws a key out of the caldron. She presents it to the students, who in a joyful burst of song say that truly now they can graduate.



Class Song

TUNE: *Life's Dream*

I

We see to-day those other days
That made the passing years;
They call us back, sweet silent ways,
That fathomed all our fears.
Once more across the wid'ning fields,
Beside deep flowing streams,
We wander, knowing Wisdom shields,
And strong hands mold our dreams.

II

We look into the furrowed past—
In memories dear it lies;
Full often was the way o'ercast,
It led toward noon-day skies.
Oh school-days, fade not from our sight
With all thy friendships earned;
Naught can avail nor naught affright—
Life's simple lesson's learned.

CHORUS

*Farewell, dear Normal days,
Teachers, and friends we've known.
Often in days to come
We'll claim thee still our own.*

PAULINE ROSAIRE

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